BICKHAM'S
SONG'S

Beckham
Musical Festival
Vol I.

wanting Title page
& Last 3 songs - Pocket

1

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19 Rhamnor Park
Lee.

VOL I
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with many songs
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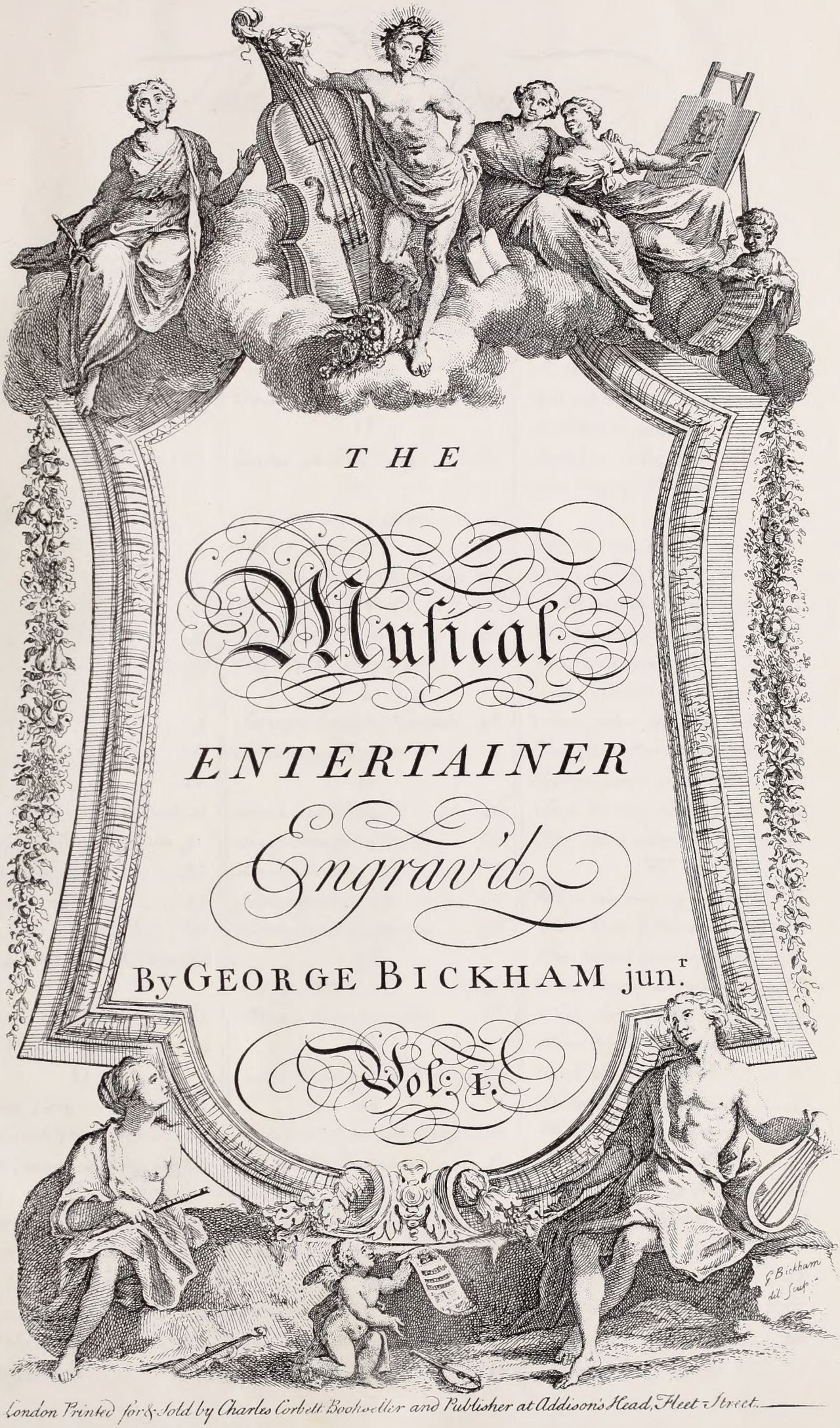

THE

Musical ENTERTAINER

Engrav'd

By GEORGE BICKHAM jun.r

Vol. I.

G. Bickham del. Sculp.

London Printed for & Sold by Charles Corbett Bookseller and Publisher at Addison's Head, Fleet Street.

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ON

Mira's Singing and Beauty.

Set by M.r TURNER.

To y.e Rt. Hon.ble y.e E. of BURLINGTON, *these Four Plates are humbly inscribed.*

Singing charms y.e Blefs'd above; Angels Sing & Saints ap-prove:
All we below of Heav'n can know: Is that they both Sing and Love.
Is that they both Sing and Love.

2

Mira hath an Angels Air;
Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair
Vafsals and Kings
Feel, when she Sings,
Charms of warbling Beauty near.

3

Savage Nature conquer'd lyes,
All is Wonder and Surprife,
Souls Expiring,
Hearts a Fireing,
By her charming Notes & Eyes.

4

Let the Viol and the Harp,
Hang & molder till they warp;
Let Flute and Lyre,
In Dust Expire,
Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

Florimel.

Set by D.r Green.

Andante

G. Buckham fecit.

The Charms of Florimel, No Force of Time or Art, Shall sever from my Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell, The Charms of Beauteous Florimel.

Each Rock and sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall say, Mirtillo Loves;
And Echo shall be taught to tell
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Bark doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times in Verse shall tell
The Charms, &c.

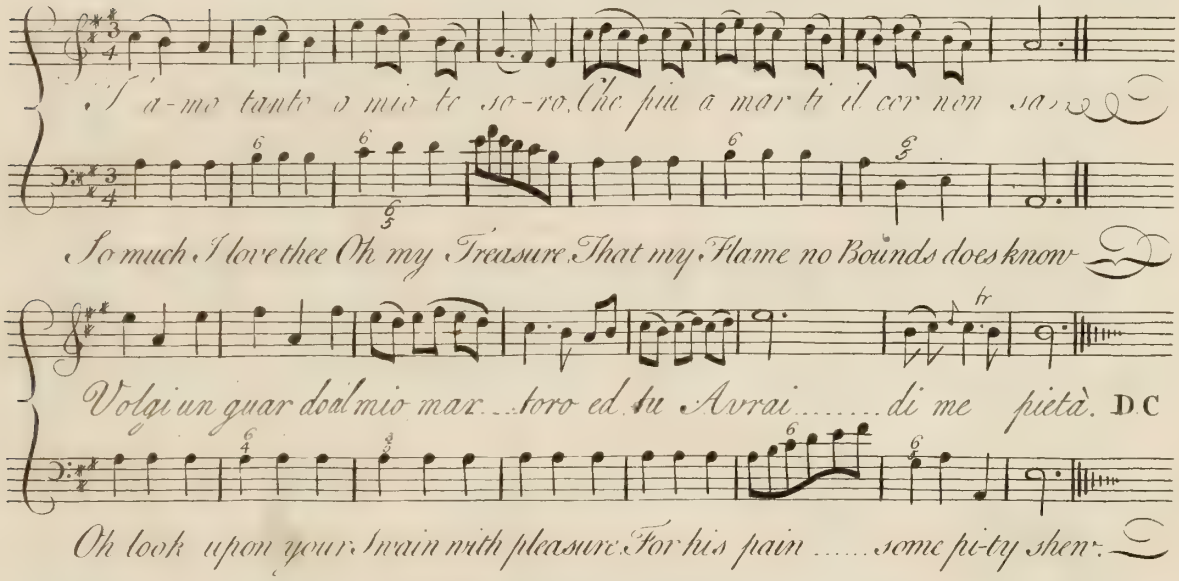
Each Brook, and purling Rill,
Shall, on its bubling Stream,
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And as it rolls in Murmurs tell,
The Charms, &c.

The Silvan Gods, that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,
The Charms of Beauteous Florimel.

For the Flute.

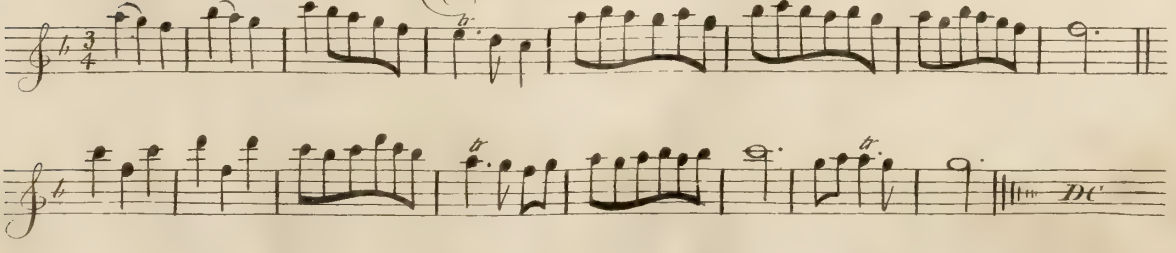
Buckham jun. fecit.

Camo tanto.


T'a-mo tanto o mio te so-ro, Che piu a mar ti il cor non sa,
So much I love thee Oh my Treasure That my Flame no Bounds does know
Volgi un guar do al mio mar... toro ed in Avrai..... di me pietà. DC
Oh look upon your Swain with pleasure For his pain ..... some pi-ty shew.

Par-to si-da te mia vi-ta	Oh my Charmer tho' I leave you
Mi a date non parte il cor	Yet my Heart with you remains
Il german tuo chiede ai-ta	Let not then my Absence grieve you
Il tuo beltà mi chiede amor	Since with pride I wear your Chains.

For the Flute.



The Going out in the Morning.

Hark away 'tis the merry toned Horn, calls the Hunters all up n'. the Morn; to the

Vivace

Hills and the woodlands we Steer, to' unharbour the out-lying Deer.

Minuet. Chorus of Huntsmen.

And all the Day long, this this is our Song, still hollowing and following so

frolic and free; our Joys know no bounds, while ne'er after the Hounds, no mortals on

Earth are so jolly as we'.

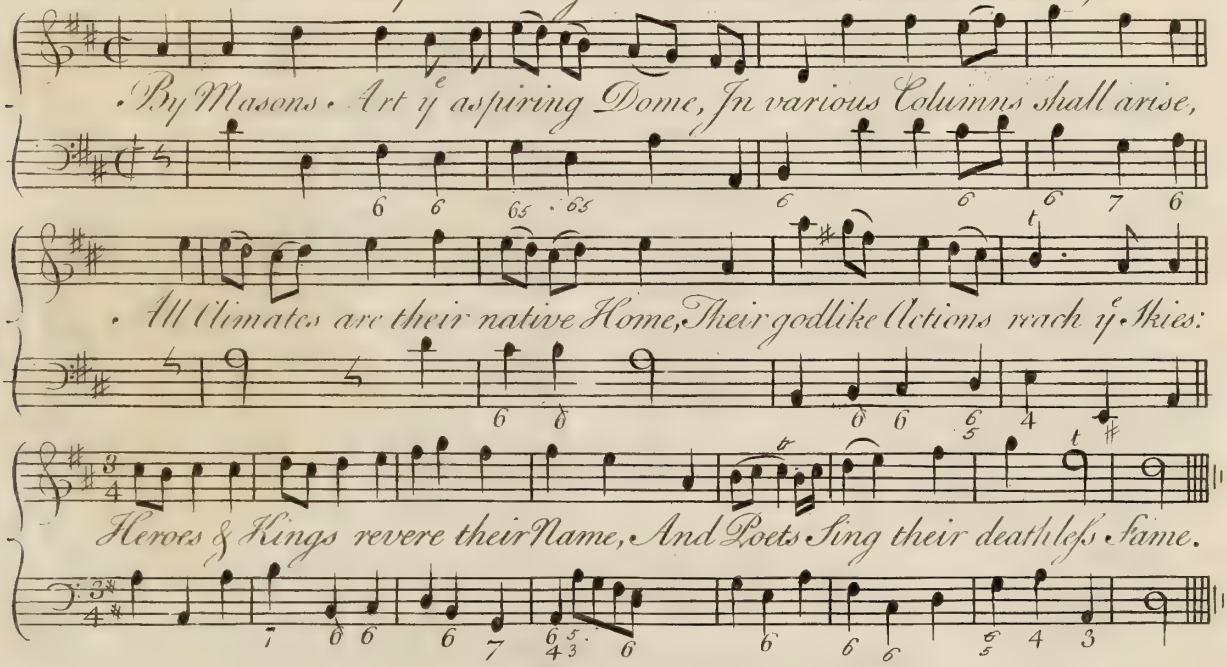
Round the Woods when we beat how we glow,
While the Hills they all Echo Holo:
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies:
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

When we Sweep o'er the Valleys or climb,
Up the Health breathing Mountain Sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who tast can reveal:
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

For the Flute.

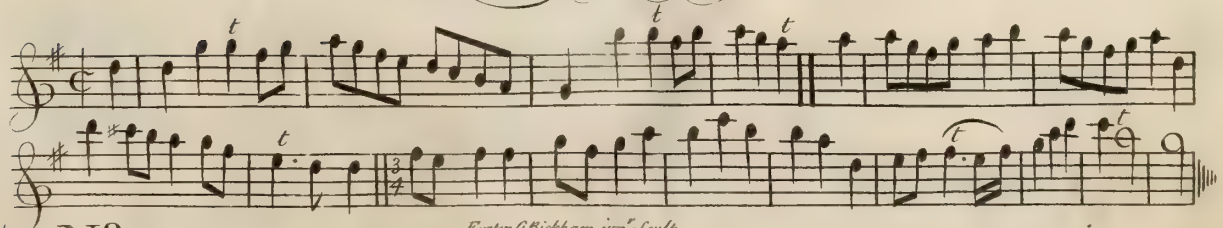
ON Masons and Masonry.

To the R.t Hon.ble the Earl of LOUDON; *Grand Master; these 4 Plates are humbly inscribd.*


By Masons Art ye aspiring Dome, In various Columns shall arise,
All Climates are their native Home, Their godlike Actions reach ye Skies:
Heroes & Kings revere their Name, And Poets Sing their deathless Fame.

Great, Generous, Noble, Wise and Brave,
Are Titles they most justly claim;
Their Deeds shall Live beyond ye Grave,
Which Babes unborn shall loud proclaim:
Time shall their glorious Acts enroll,
Whilst Love and Friendship charms ye Soul.

For the Flute.

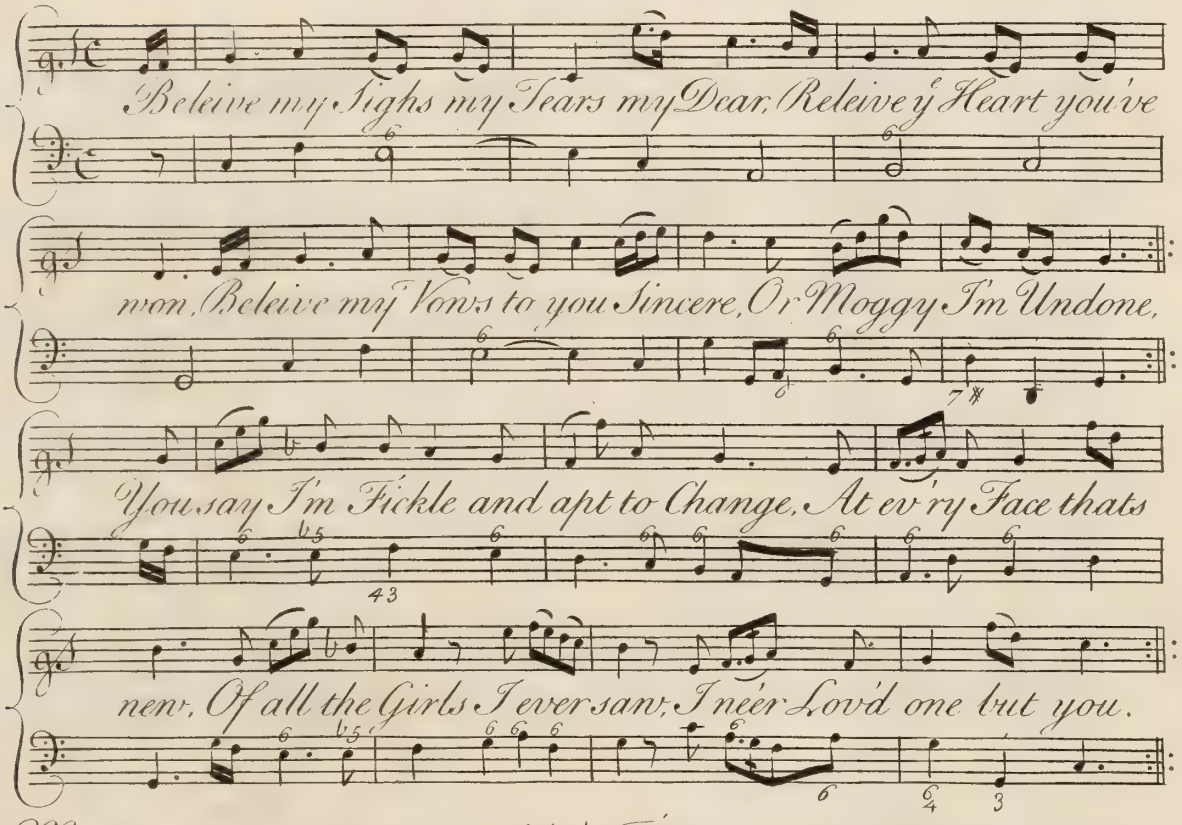


Printed for G. Bickham, jun.r Sculp.

N.o II.

THE

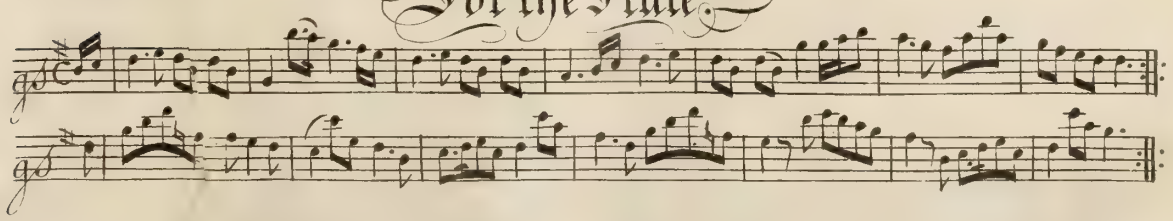
Slighted Lover.


Beleive my Sighs my Tears my Dear, Releive y Heart you've
won, Beleive my Vows to you Sincere, Or Moggy I'm Undone,
You say I'm Fickle and apt to Change, At ev'ry Face thats
new, Of all the Girls I ever saw, I neér Lov'd one but you.

My Heart was like a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your Bright Eye,
And then it kindled in a Trice
A Flame that neér can die.

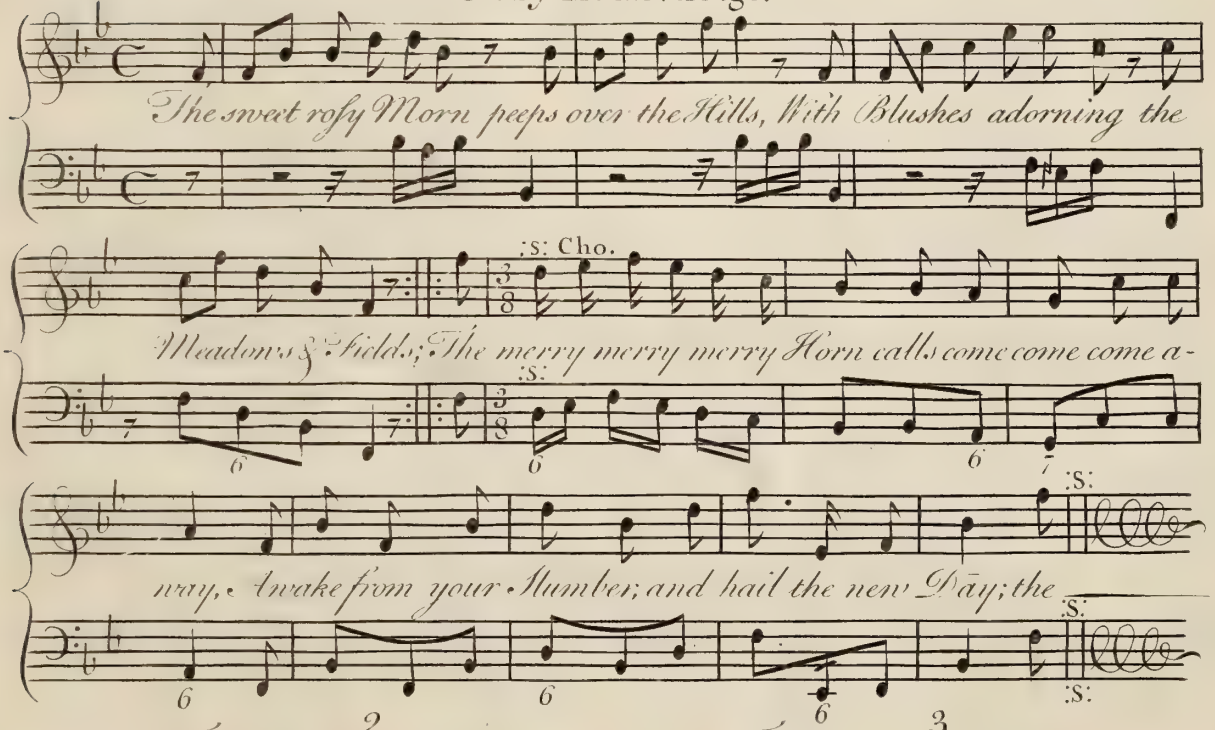
Then take & try me & you shall find,
That I've a Heart thats true,
Of all the Girls I ever saw
I neér Lov'd One like You.

For the Flute.



The Return from the Chace.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.


The sweet rosy Morn peeps over the Hills, With Blushes adorning the
:S: Cho.
Meadows & Fields; The merry merry merry Horn calls come come come a-
:S:
way, Awake from your Slumber; and hail the new Day; the
:S:
:S:

2

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry;
Cho. Then follow follow follow follow
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and vig'rous
Health you embrace;

3

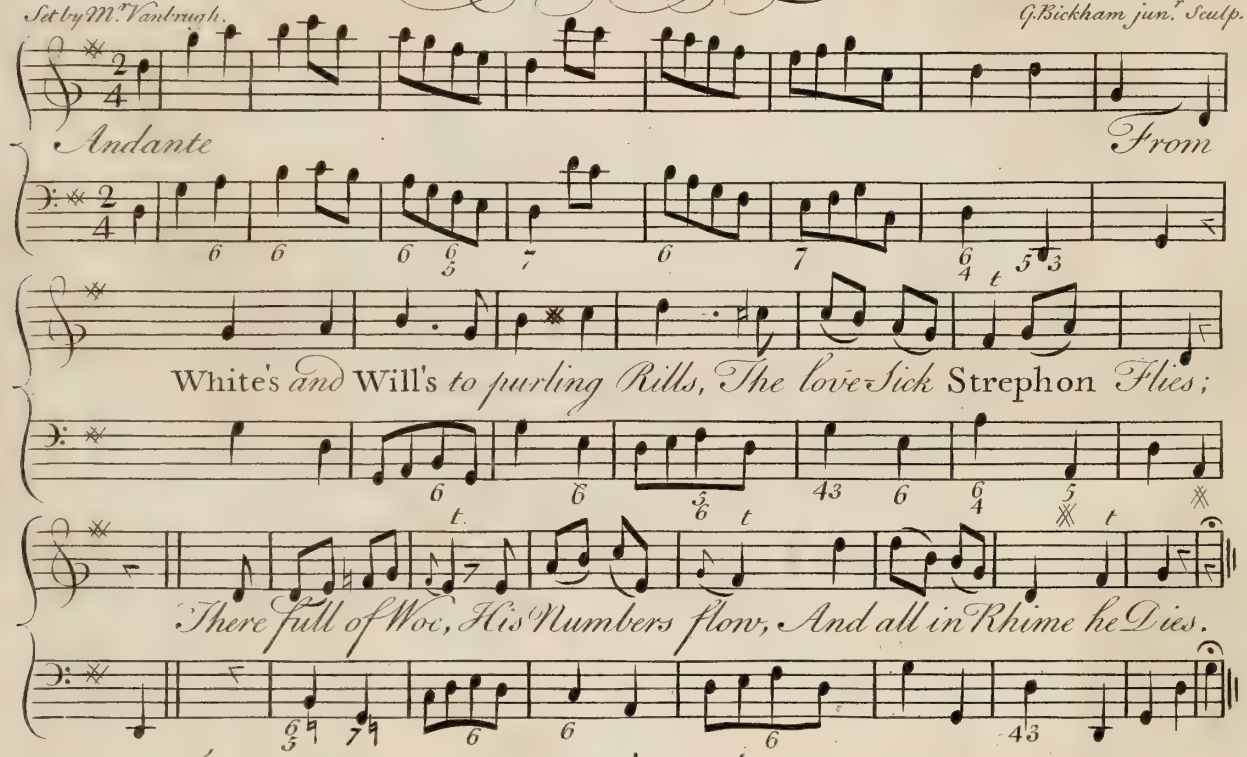
The Day's Sport when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.
Cho. Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown ye Day.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

The Coquet.

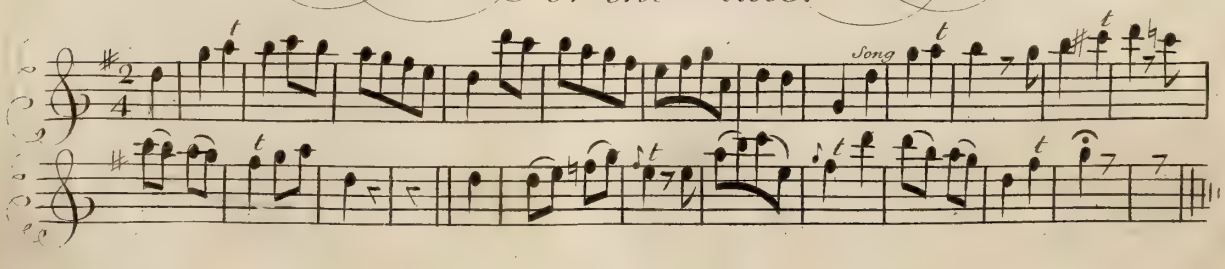
Set by Mr. Vanbrugh. G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.


Andante
From
White's and Will's to purling Rills, The love-Sick Strephon Flies;
There full of Woe, His Numbers flow, And all in Rhime he Dies.

The Fair Coquet,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town;
But when in Tears,
The Youth Appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon swore;
And what is strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Would never see her more.

For the Flute.



THE Submissive Admirer

Set by Mr. Handel.

To the Rt Hon.ble the Earl COWPER *these Four Plates are humbly inscribd.*

Within the Compass of the Voice

How is it possible, how can I for-bear? So many Charms all around you wear They ev'ry

Part hath such Power to move, Who see Admires, & who knows you doth Love, and who knows you doth

Love. In Vain you do command a - way, Me-thinks to thee I'd e - ver grow,

When You re-main, then must I Stay, When You depart, then must I go. D.C.

For the FLUTE.

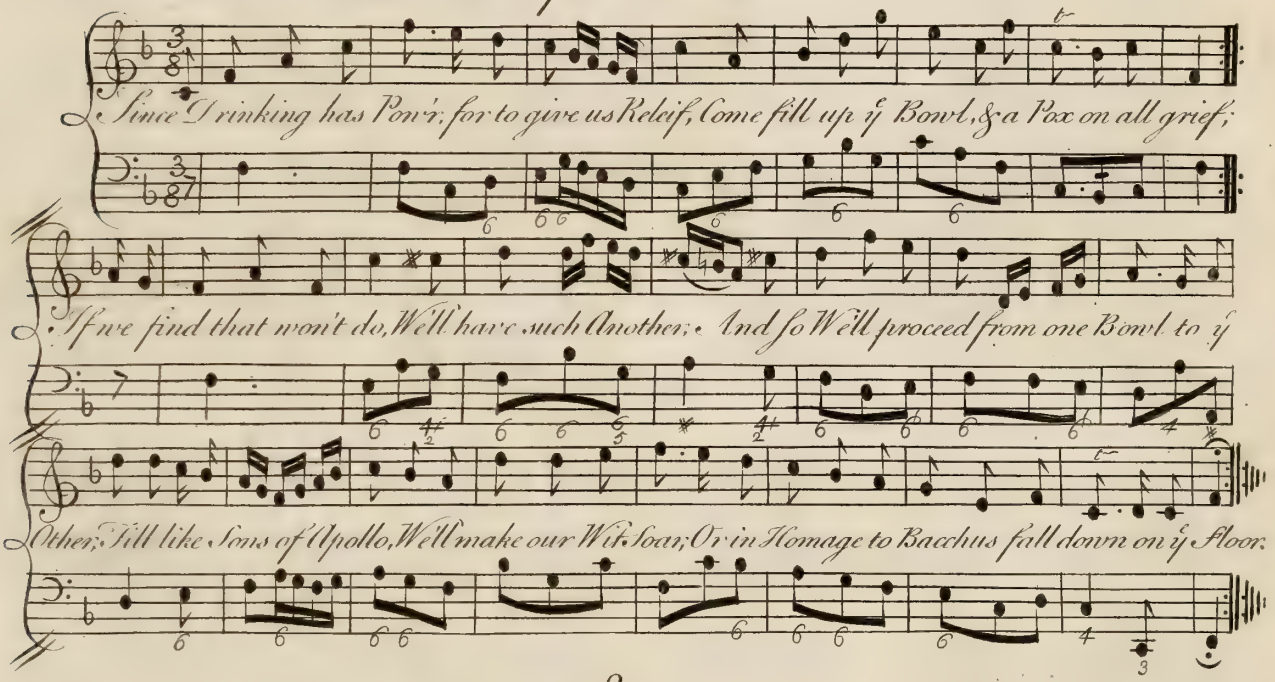
D.C.

N.o III.

Be. Champion Sculp

The Releif; or, Pow'r of Drinking

Set by Mr. Monro.


Since Drinking has Pow'r, for to give us Releif, Come fill up y^e Bowl, & a Pox on all grief;
If we find that won't do, We'll have such Another; And so We'll proceed from one Bowl to y^e
Other; Till like Sons of Apollo, We'll make our Wit Soar; Or in Homage to Bacchus fall down on y^e Floor.

2

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They Each of them lov'd for to toss off their Bowls;
Then let's try to show our Selves Men of Merit,
By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of Good Claret,
And then We shall all be deserving of Praise;
But y^e Man that Drinks most, shall go off with y^e Bays.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Bickham jun^r. Sculp.

The Despairing Lover.

Sym.

A Swain of Love de-spairing, thus wail'd his cruel fate, his

griefs Shepherds sharing, in Circles round him sat. The Nymphs in kind Compassion, the Luck- less Lover

Mourn'd; all who had felt y Passion, a Sigh for Sigh return'd: All who had felt y Passion, A

Sigh for Sigh re-turn'd.

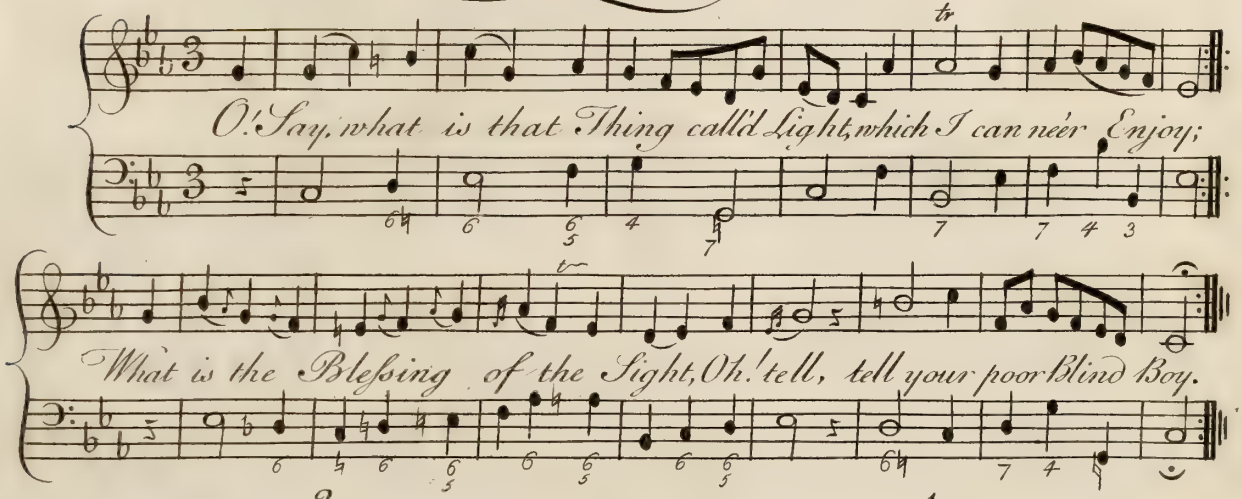
II	III	IV
O Friends! your plaints give over,	Her Charms such force discover—	But Oh! one more deserving —
Your kind Concern forbear,	Resistance is in vain —	Has thaw'd her frozen Breast —
Should Cloe but discover —	Spight of your self you'd love her	Her Heart for him preserving
For me you've Shed a Tear —	And hug the Galling Chain —	She's cold to all the rest —
Her Eyes shed Arm'd wth Vengeance —	Her wit the Flame increases —	Their Love with Joy abounding
Your friendship soon subdue —	And rivets fast the Dart —	The thought distracts my brain:
Too late you'd Ask forgiveness —	She has ten thousand Graces —	O cruel Maid! then Sounding —
And for her Mercy sue —	And Each could Gain a Heart —	He fell upon the Plain —

For the Flute.

Sym.

THE

Blind Boy.


O! Say, what is that Thing call'd Light, which I can néer Enjoy;
What is the Bleſsing of the Sight, Oh! tell, tell your poor Blind Boy.

2

You talk of wondrous things you ſee,
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright;
I feel him warm but how can he
Then make it Day or Night!

3

My Day or Night my ſelf I make,
When eér I wake or play,
And cou'd I ever keep awake
It wou'd be always Day.

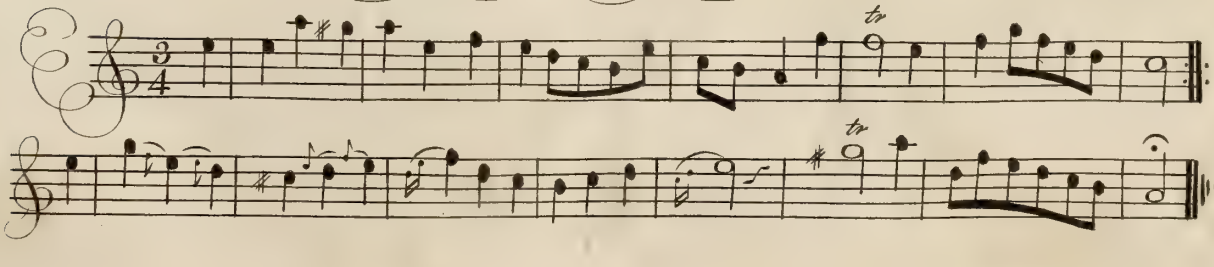
4

With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe,
But ſure with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I néer can know.

5

Then let not what I cannot have
My Cheer of Mind deſtroy,
Whilſt thus I ſing I am a King,
Altho' a poor Blind Boy.

For the Flute.



THE Grateful Lover.

To the R.t Hon.ble y Lady COBHAM *These Four Plates are humbly Inscribed.*

The Words by M.r Congreve. Set by M.r Gunn.

Largo

False tho' she be to me & love, I'll ne'er pursue Re-

venge For still y Charmer I approve, Tho' I deplo re her Change

Allegro

In hours of Bliss we oft have met They could

not always last, And tho' y present I regret I'm grateful for y past, I'm grateful for y Past.

N.o IV.

G Bickham Sculp.

Alexis, how artless a Lover! how bashful & silly you grow! In my Eyes can you never dis-
cover I mean Yes, when I often say No, say No I mean Yes, when I often say No.

2

When you pine & you whine out your Passion
And only entreat for a Kiss,
To be coy, and deny is the Fashion
Alexis should ravish the Bliss.

3

In Love as in War its but Reason
To make some Defence for ỹ Town,
To surrender without it were Treason,
Before that ỹ Outworks were won.

4

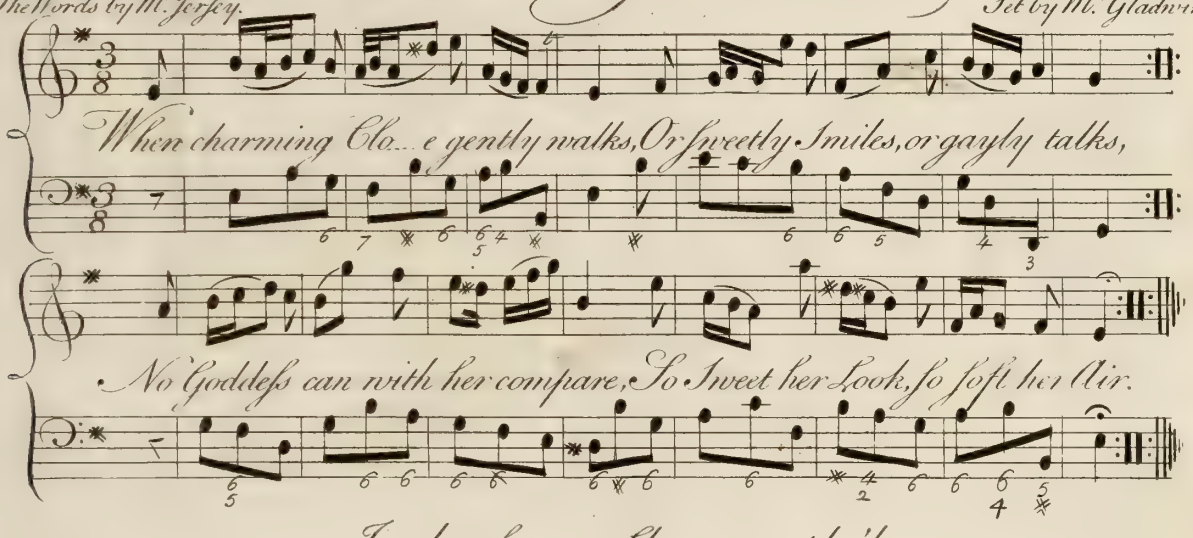
If I frown, its my Blushes to cover,
Its for Honour & Modesty sake;
He is but a Pityful Lover
Who is foiled by a Single Attack.

5

But when we by Force are ore-power'd
The best & the bravest must yield;
I am not to be won by a Coward
Who hardly dares enter ỹ Field.

Charming Cloe.

The Words by M.r Jersey. Set by M.r Gladwin.


When charming Clo... e gently walks, Or sweetly Smiles, or gayly talks,
No Goddess can with her compare, So Sweet her Look, so soft her Air.

In whom so many Charms are placd
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd,
With Sparkling Wit and Solid Sence
And Soft persuasive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
That We in Cloe's form should find,
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

For the Flute.

Bickham Sculp.

THE Constant Lover.

Sweet are the Charms of Her I Love, more Fragrant than the Damask Rose
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove; Gentle as Wind wh" Zephyr blows
freshing as descending Rains, to Sunburnt Climes & thirsty Plains

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Constant as gliding Waters rowl,
Whose swelling Tides obey ỹ Moon,
From evry other Charmer free,
My Life & Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flowry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid pursues,
Sweet Philomel in Shady Bowrs,
Of verdant Spring her Note renews,
All follow what they most admire
As I pursue my Soul's desire

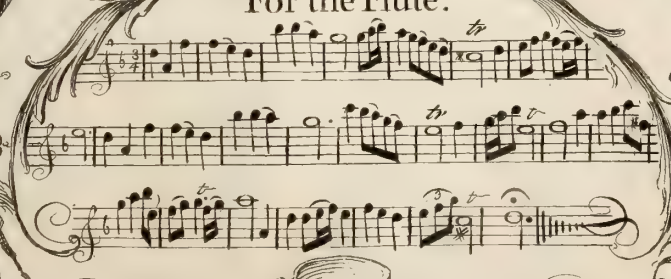
Nature must chang her beauteous Face
And vary as the Seasons rise,
As Winter to the Spring gives place
Sumer th' approach of Autumn flies
No Change of Love the Seasons bring;
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow,
And Marble Towrs & Walls of Brass,
In his rude March he levels low,
But time destroying far & wide,
Love from the Soul can neer divide.

Death only with his Cruel Dart
The gentle God-head can remove,
And drive him from ỹ Bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Blest above,
Where known to all his Kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love & his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heav'n together came;
Love will the Universe controul
When dying Seasons lose their Name,
Divine Abodes shall own his Powr,
When Time & Death shall be no more.

For the Flute.



Bickham Sculp

THE Requelt to the Nightingal.

To the Hon.ble the Lady **RICH**, *these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.*

Bird of May, leave y.e Spray, leave y.e Spray, Bird of May, Fly to yon Grove, And wake my Love, Where y.e Love
Slumbring lies. Warble an Air, Till y.e Fair, Speaks a Passion with her Eyes. But if my Grief finds no relief, Whisper her that
Thyrsis dies. Bird of May, keep y.e Spray, keep y.e Spray, Bird of May, Chloe smiles, my Souls all gay, Chloe smiles my Souls all gay.

The Words by M.r Lockman. *Set by M.r Handel.*

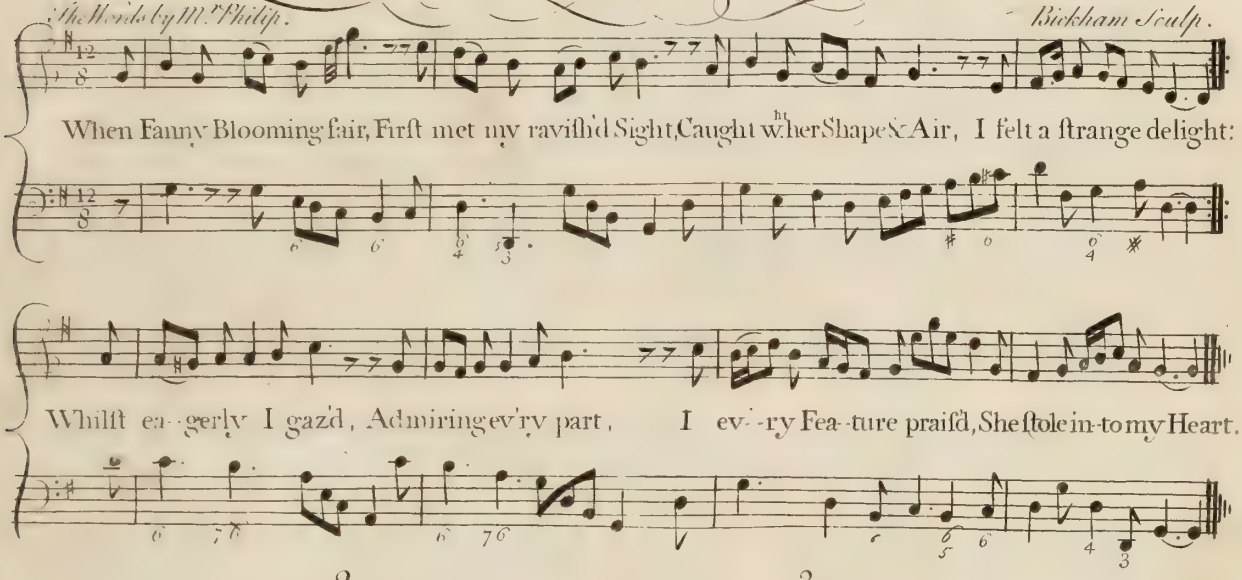
N.o V.

Bickham Sculp.

Set by Mr Boyce Organist & Composer to his Majesty

THE Raviſh'd Lover.

The Words by Mr Philip. Bickham Sculp.


When Fanny Blooming fair, First met my raviſh'd Sight, Caught wh her Shape & Air, I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt ea-gerly I gaz'd, Admiring ev'ry part, I ev'-ry Fea-ture praiſ'd, She ſtole in-to my Heart.

2

In her bewitching Eyes,
Young ſmiling Loves appear,
There *Cupid* baſking lyes
His Shafts are hoarded there.
Her Blooming Cheeks are dy'd,
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride,
Of Roſes newly Blown.

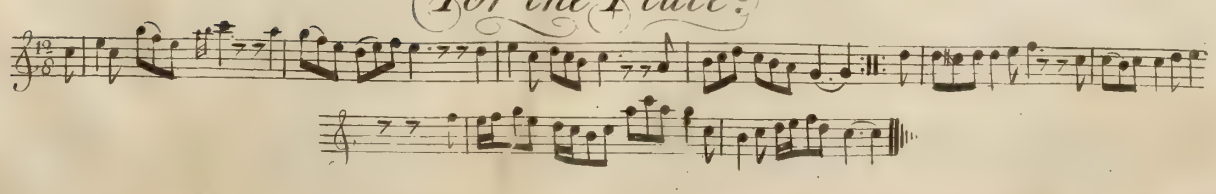
3

Her well turn'd Limbs confeſs,
The lucky hand of *Jove*,
Her Features all expreſs
The Beauteous Queen of Love,
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breaſt,
Of that too lovely Maid,
Riſe ſueing to be preſt.

4

Venus round *Fanny's* Waſte,
Hath her own Ceſtus bound,
With Guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
Who ſport the circle round,
How happy will he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe,
That Bliſs to all but me,
May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

For the Flute.



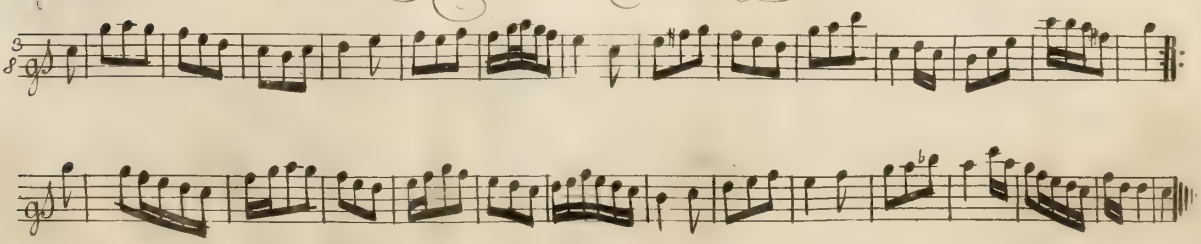
The Rival or Despondingh Lover.

Of all the Torments all the Cares, By which our lives are Curst;
Of all the Sor-rows that we bear; A Rival is the Worst.
By Part-ners in A-no-ther Kind, Af-flictions easier grow,
In Love A-lone we hate to find, Com panions in our woe.

Silvia, for all those Griefs you see,
Arising in my Breast;
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but Slight the rest:

How're Severe, your Rigours are,
Alone with y.m I'd Cope,
I can endure my own Dispair,
But not another's Hope.

For the Flute.



Bickham Sculp.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Not too fast

Set by Mr Carey

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windsors shady kind Retreat: Where Silvan

Scenes wide spreading Trees, repel the raging Dog Stars Heat. Where tufted Grass & mossy Beds Af

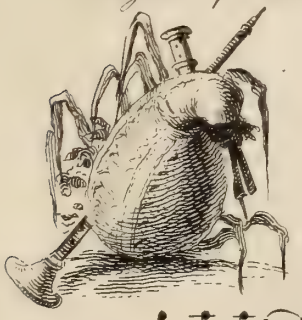
ford a rural calm Repose; Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads, & fragrant Sweets around disclose.

2

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flowry Meadow strays.
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell:
Where ere his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

3

Let me thy Clear thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide:
In thee my Glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me with Damask Roses crownd,
Beneath some Oziers dusky shade:
Where Water Lillies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.



4

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly dreft:
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.
Oh! haste away fair Maid and bring
The Muse the Kindly Friend to Love;
To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

For the Flute.

RURAL BEAUTY, or VAUXHAL GARDEN.

To the Rt. Hon.ble the Lord Visc.t BALTIMORE. These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

Flora, Goddess, sweetly blooming, Ever airy, ever gay; Ill her wonted Charms resuming

To Spring-Garden calls away: With this blissful Spot delighted, Here y Queen of May retreats,

Belles & Beaus are all invited, To partake of varied Sweets ---------- To partake of varied Sweets.

1. See what Crowds from yonder [illegible] Rising [illegible] Shades, The [illegible] Gloss of with wonder; In full View of Colours [illegible] Art and Nature (kindly lavish) Here their mingled Beauties yield. Equal Here the Pleasures ravish, Of the Court and of the Field.

Hark! what Heavnly Notes descending, Break upon the listning Ears: Musick all its Graces lending; O! its Extasy to hear! Nightingales the Concert joyning, Breathe their Plaint in melting Strains; Vanquish'd now their Groves resoyning, Soon they fly to distant Plains.

See what Splendors round us darting, Swift illume the charming Scene; Chandeliers their Light imparting, Pour fresh Beauties o'er y Green, Glitt'ring Lamps in order planted, Strike the Eye with sweet Surprize: Adam was not more inchanted When he saw the SUN first rise.

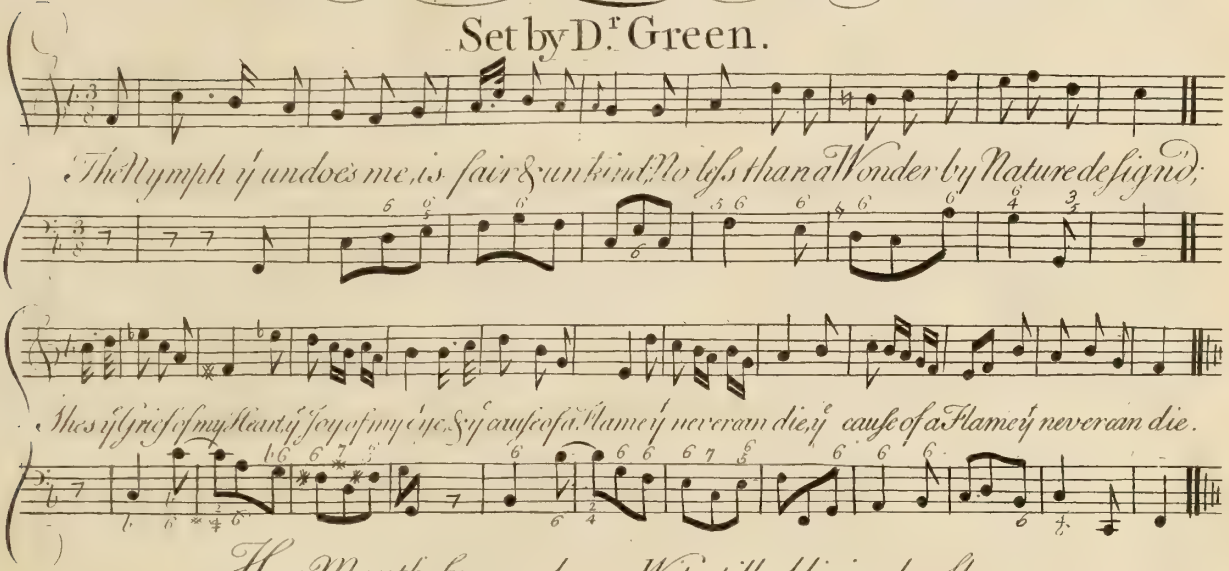
Now the various Bands are seated, All disposd in bright Array, Business over, and Cares retreated, With Joy. Mirth they close y Day. Thus of Old the Sons of Pleasure, Pass'd in Shades their favrite Hours, (Nectar cheering their gay Leasure) Blest by Love & crown'd with Flow'rs.

The Words by Mr. Cockman Set by Mr. Boyce

Bickham Sc.

Charming Silvia.

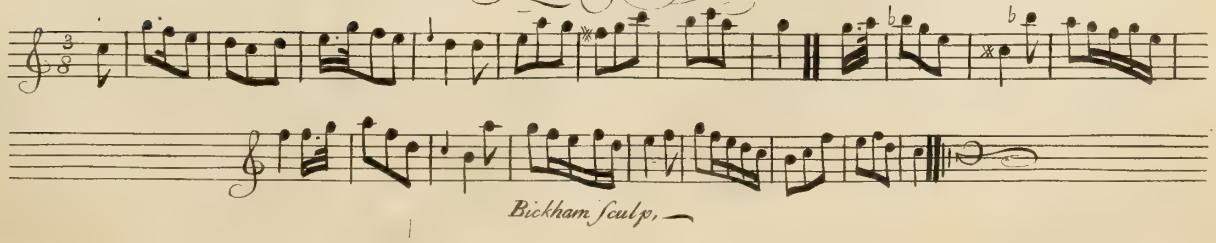
Set by D.r Green.


The Nymph y undoes me, is fair & unkind, No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd;
Thes y Grief of my Heart, y Joy of my Eye, & y cause of a Flame y never can die, y cause of a Flame y never can die.

Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She Wounds with a look with a Frown she can kill.

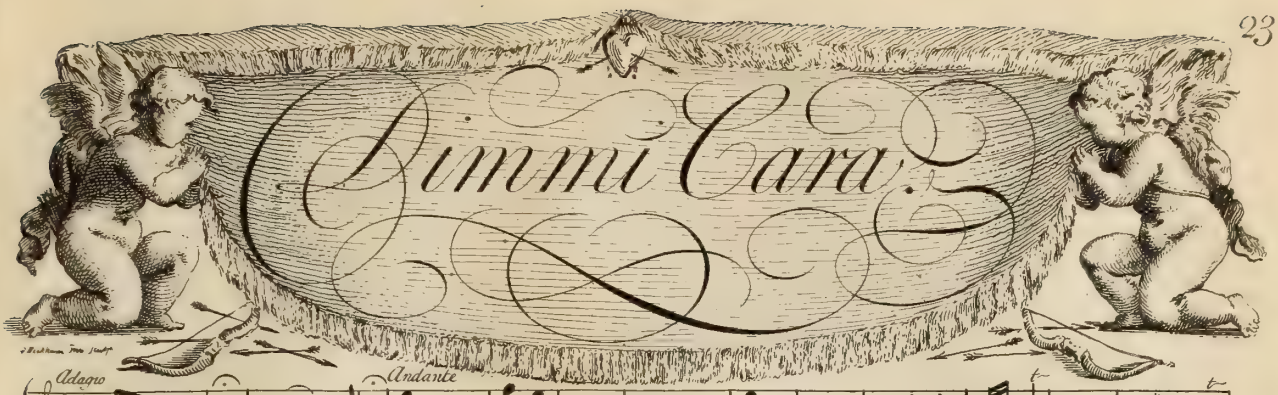
The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, & who loves her must die.

For the Flute.



Bickham sculp.

Dimmi Cara.



Adagio

Andante

Dim mi Ca ra Dimmi tu dei mo rir mao ca ra non mi dir parti Lon tan da me Lon tan da

me parti Lon tan Lon tan da me Dimmi tu dei mo rir mao ca ra non mi dir parti Lon

Sym.

tan da me mao ca ra non mi dir parti Lon tan Lon tan da me

Pria di ve derti si forse po tea par tir or che ti veggio no no no che non vuol non puo parti reil core il

pie pria di ve der ti si forse po tea par tir or che di veggio no no che non vuol non puo partire il core il pie.

D.A CAPO.

For the Flute.

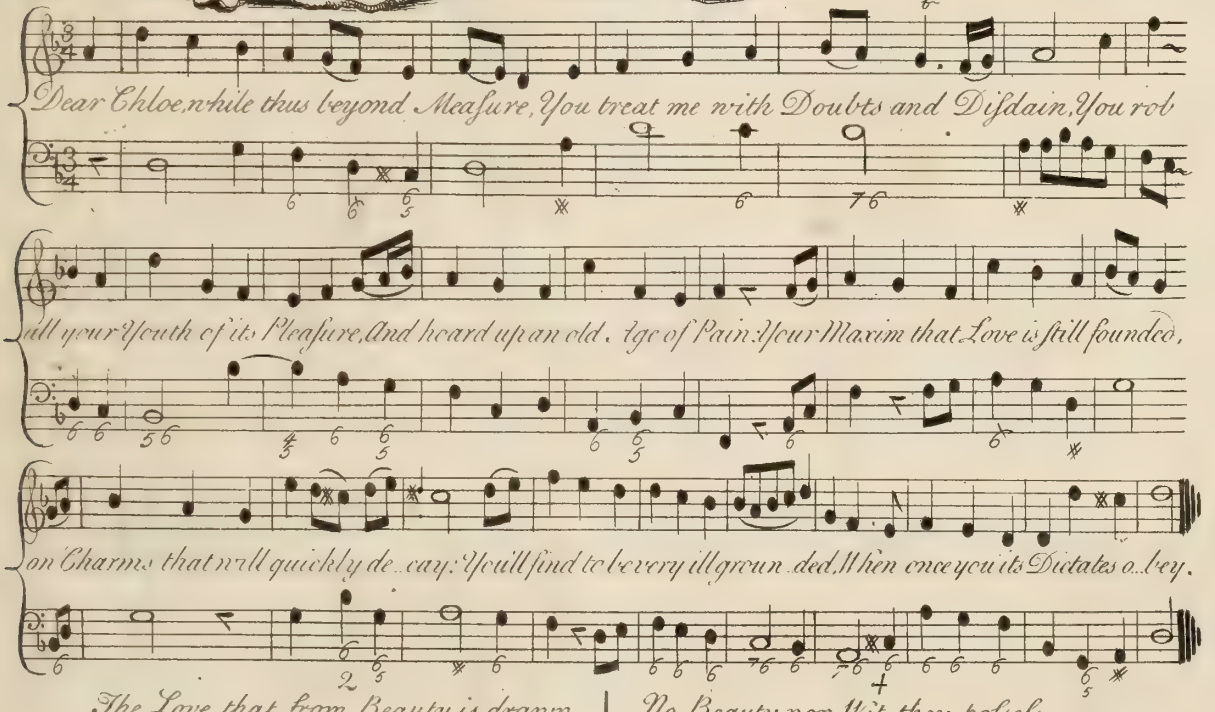
Adg

Song

Symp

Song

Bickham Sculp.


Dear Chloe, while thus beyond Measure, You treat me with Doubts and Disdain, You rob
all your Youth of its Pleasure, And heard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim that Love is still founded,
on Charms that will quickly de cay: You'll find to be very ill groun ded, When once you its Dictates o bey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun Shine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And Darkness obscure all the Skies,
You ne'er can forget it was Day.

3

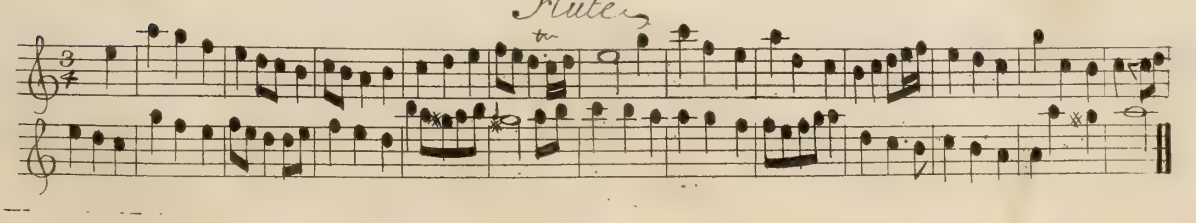
Old Darby with Joan by his Side
You've often regarded with Wonder
He's Dropsical She is Dym ey'd
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old Darby's Pot's out
His Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they posses,
Their several Failings to smother;
Then what are the Charms can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did bestow;
The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

5

Those Traces for ever will last,
No Sickness or Time can remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are past,
And Age brings the Winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By Reviews of such Raptures as these,
The Current of Fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

Flute



Myrtillo,

Or the Despairing Swain.

To the R.t Hon.ble the Lord DELAWAR, this Cantata is most humbly inscrib'd.

Recitative

A Cypress Grove whose melancholly Shade to Mitigate the Tortures of y.e

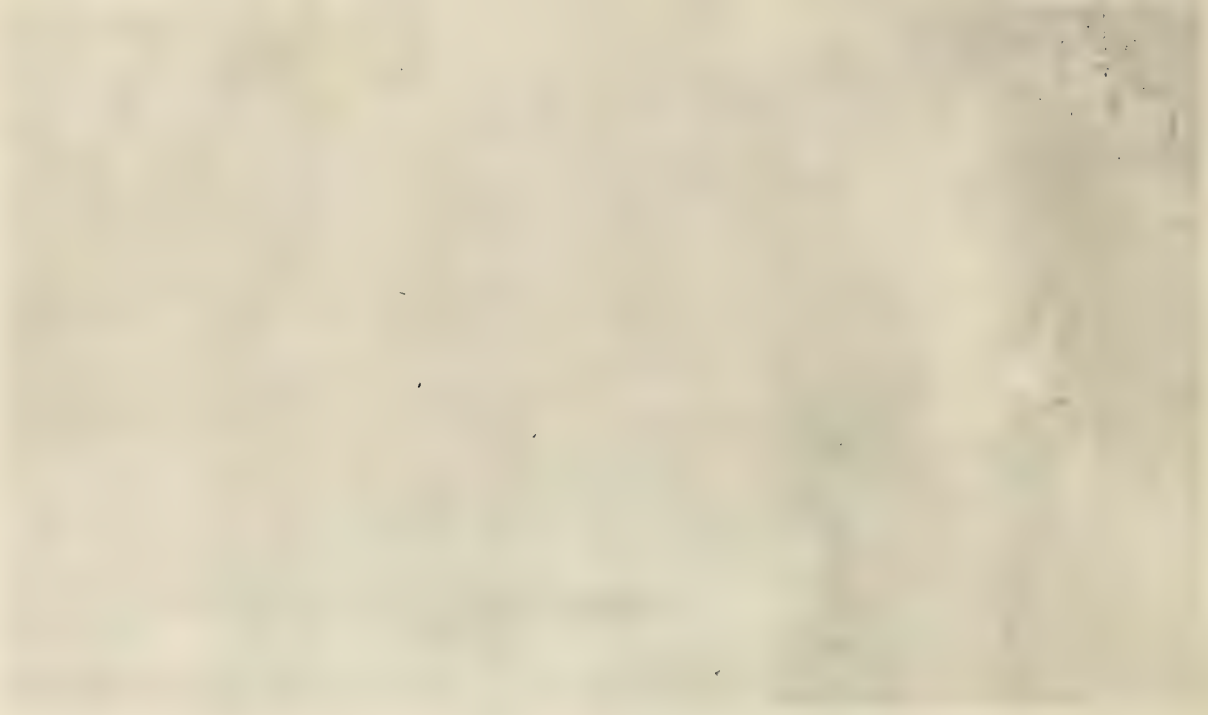
Sad was made, Myrtillo Opress'd with Grief did there retire, and thus in mournful Sound

Aire

direct his Prayr.

Venus defend, come

Ease my Pain, Daughter of Jove, Daughter of Jo ve, that rulst y.e Plain.



If ére thou heard'st a Lover's Vow; propitious Goddess hear me now: If

ére thou heard'st a Lover's Vow, propitious Goddess, Oh hear me now; propitious Go---ddess

hear me now: If ére thou heard'st a Lovers Vow; propitious Goddess hear me now, pro-

pitious Go---ddess hear me now. If ére thou did'st try

Tortures prove, that wait upon neglected Love, hear Oh hear; hear Oh hear a dying

Youth complain, Oh from my Breast expel this raging Pain. Da Capo.

Recitative.

Thus in soft Muſick did th'abandond Swain Implore ỹ Pow'rs of Love...

to eaſe his Paine. And now with faint Voice, and flowing Eyes,

Thus, thus, thus for the too relentleſs ... Sylvia ... dies...

Die, die,

die, Myrtillo, die... die, die, Myrtillo.

Fly O Fly ..... this hateful Grove

Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Fly O Fly .....

..... This hateful Grove for what is Life for what is life what is life what is life

Without the Nymph I love Dye Myrtillo Myrtillo Dye Fly O Fly .....

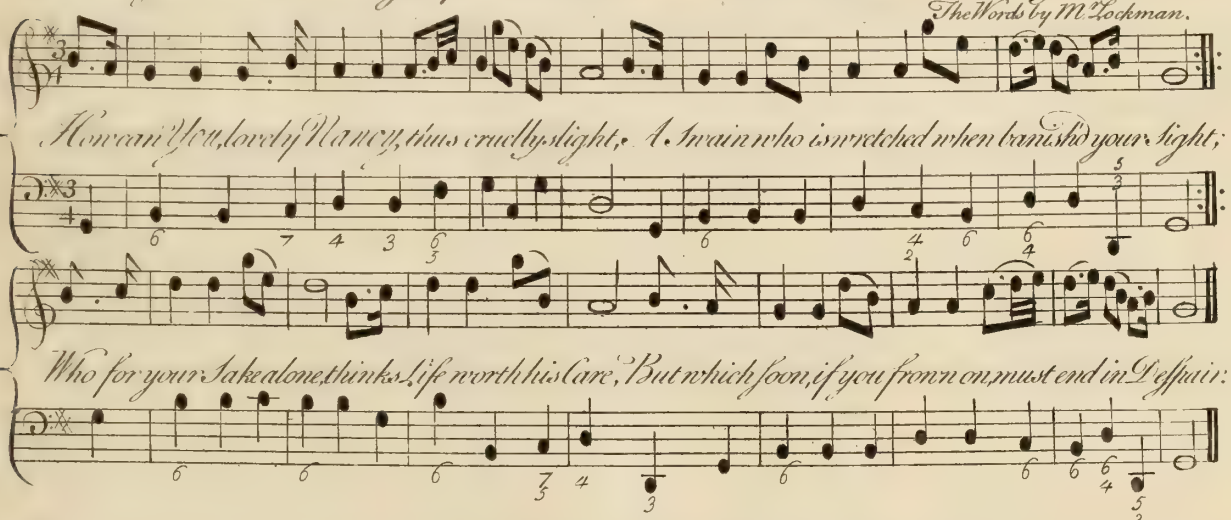
..... This hateful Grove for what is life for what is life what is life what is life without

the Nymph I Love.

The inconstant Fair-One, Or Strephon's Complaint.

To her Grace the Dutchess of Manchester, *these Four Plates are humbly inscribd.*

The Words by M.r Lockman.


How can You, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight, A Swain who is wretched when banish'd your sight;
Who for your Sake alone thinks Life worth his Care, But which soon, if you frown on, must end in Despair.

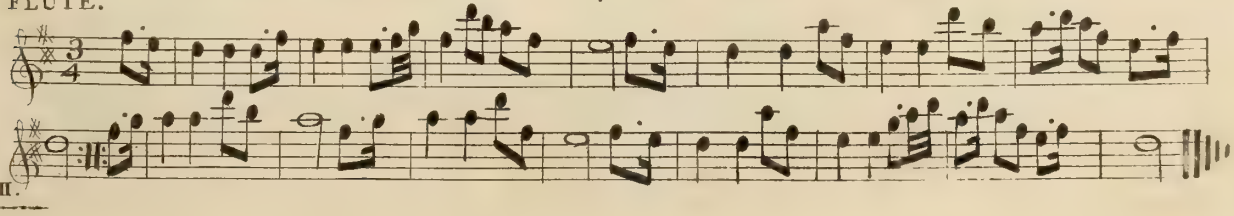
If you meant thus to torture, Oh why did your Eyes,
Once express so much Softness, & sweetly Surprize!
By their Lustre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe,
As they shed such mild Influence they e'er would deceive.

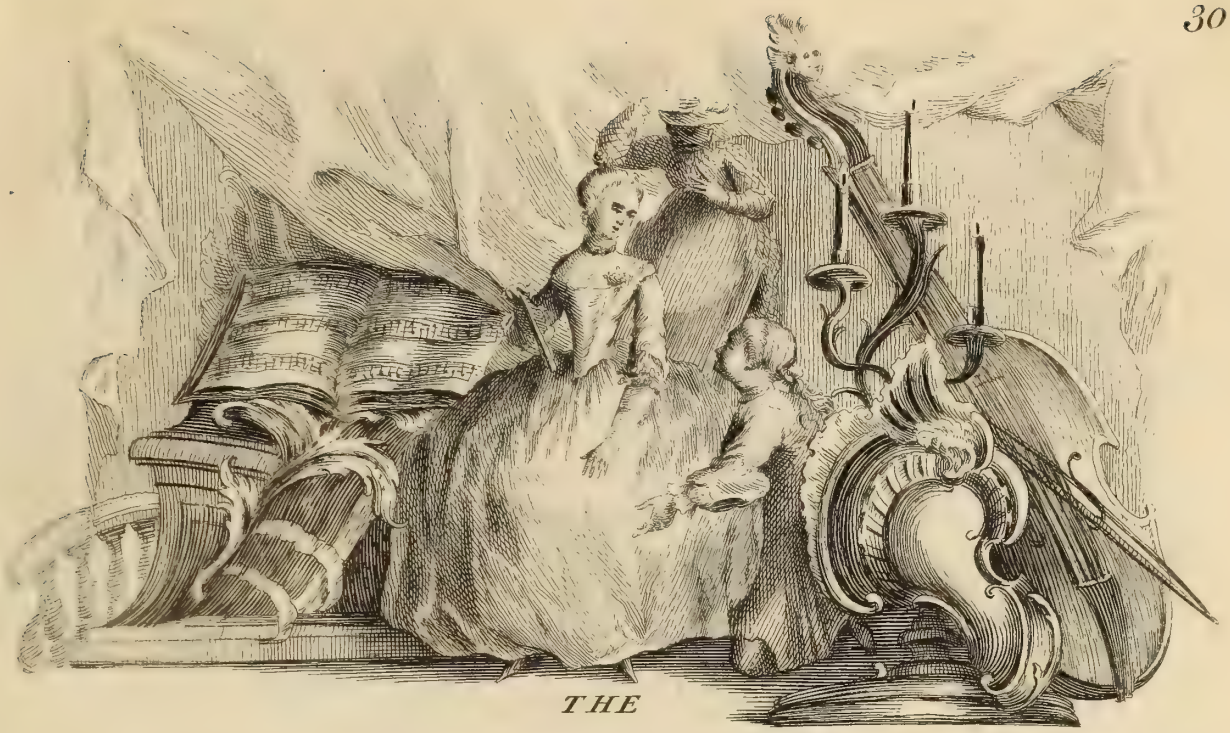
But alas! like y.e Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
Who perceives a false Splendor at distance invite,
Overjoy'd He hastes on, pursues it and Dies;
A like Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O forget not y.e Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel, & unveil'd all your Charms.
When you vow'd lasting Love, & Swore with a Kiss,
That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate consider that Woe,
Will like Sickness neglected, more desperate grow;
That your Heart may relent, I implore y.e kind Pow'rs:
Since I'm constant as yours, be not fickle as Ours.

FLUTE.





THE

Melodious Songstress.

Set by Sig.r Putti of Cambridge.

Andante

Beau...ty and wit, Illuf...trious Maid, bri...ght as to you belong;

Charm all mankind without the aid, of Soft melo.....dious Song. Song

2

Why will you add, Enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

3

In Vain to tempt Laertes heir,
The songs the Syrens try'd;
But could their notes with thine Compare,
He must have heard and dy'd.

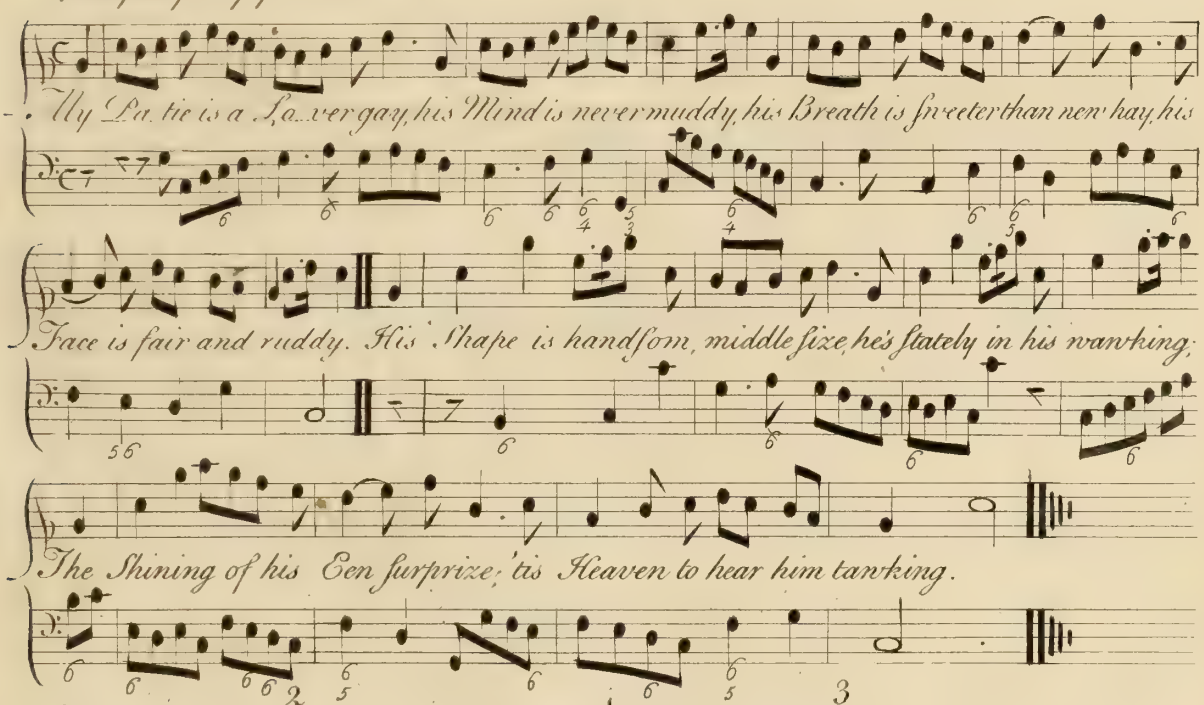
4

Sing on bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in Each strain's a dart;
We dye by pleasure not by pain,
While thus you peirce the heart.

FLUTE.

Handsom Patie, or the Corn Riggs are Bonny.

Within y^e Compas of y^e Flute.


My Pa tie is a Lo ver gay, his Mind is never muddy, his Breath is sweeter than new hay, his
Face is fair and ruddy. His Shape is handsom, middle size, he's stately in his wawking,
The Shining of his Een surprize, 'tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lov'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my Cookernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

PARENTS
antient and modern.

The Words by Mr. Lockman. *Set by Mr. Monro.*

Happy ye World, in that bleſt Age, When Beauty was not bought & ſold; When ye fair

Mind was uninflam'd, With ye mean Thirſt of baneful Go - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ld,

With the mean Thirſt of baneful Gold.

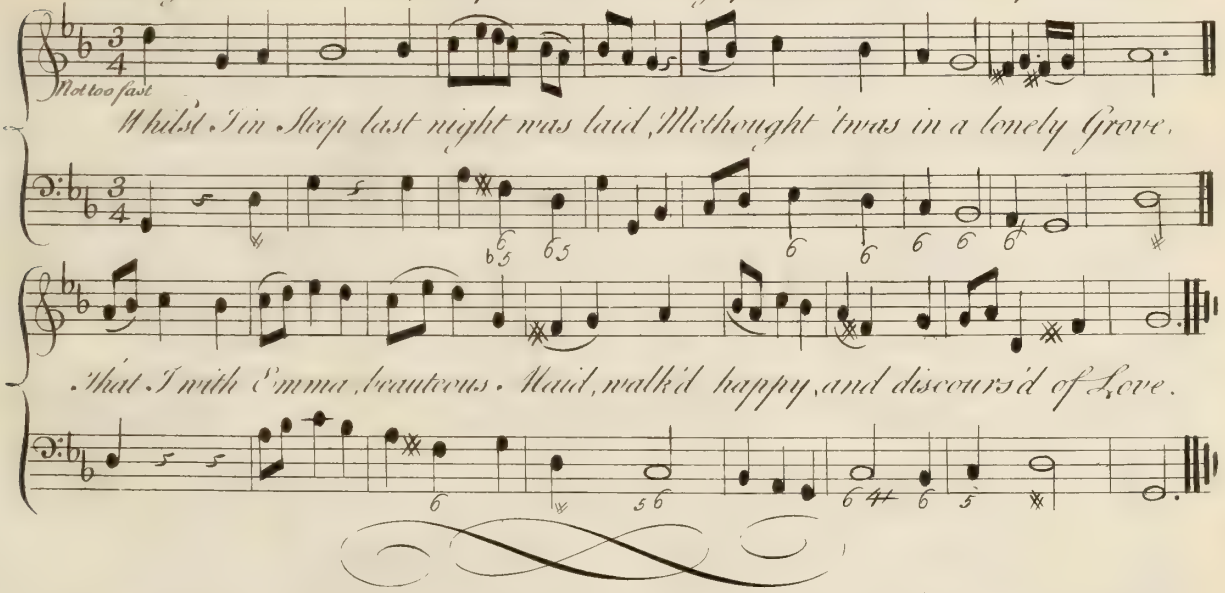
Then the kind Shepherd when he ſigh'd,
(The Swain whoſe Dog was all his Wealth)
Was not by cruel Parents forc'd
To breathe his amorous Vows by Stealth.

Now the firſt Queſtion Fathers aſk,
When for their Girls fond Lovers ſue,
Is – What's the Settlement You'l make?
You're poor – He flings the Door at you

FOR THE FLUTE.

THE Dream.

To the Right Hon^r the Marquis of CARNARVEN, *these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*


Not too fast
Whilst I in Sleep last night was laid, Methought 'twas in a lonely Grove,
That I with Emma, beauteous Maid, walk'd happy, and discours'd of Love.

2

Sweet cruel Nymph, said I reject
No more y^e Vows of one Sincere;
If Love unfeign'd you e'er expect,
To find in Man, you find it here.

3

Can Love in Man, said she, be true?
And don't their words bely their Mind?
Is not your Sex a perjur'd Crew,
Their promises ne'er made to bind?

4

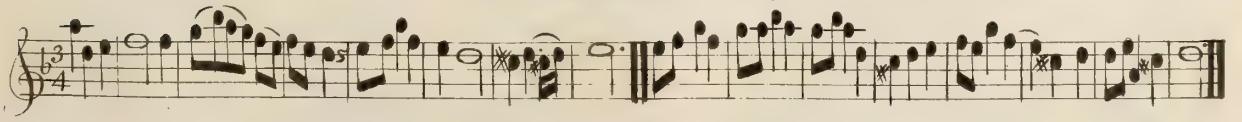
Then I'll return with equal Fire
The Love you shew your happy Fair,
Then shall the World our Loves admire
And say, Behold! one perfect pair.

5

With transport seiz'd, I gan to wake,
(Grieving pursue, my Muse y^e Theme)
A perfect pair! O dire mistake!
I found such bliss is but a dream.

Compos'd & Set to Musick by a Gentleman of Oxford.

FOR THE FLUTE.



N.^o IX.

G. Bickham jun^r Sculp.

DAMON's Petition to Cupid.

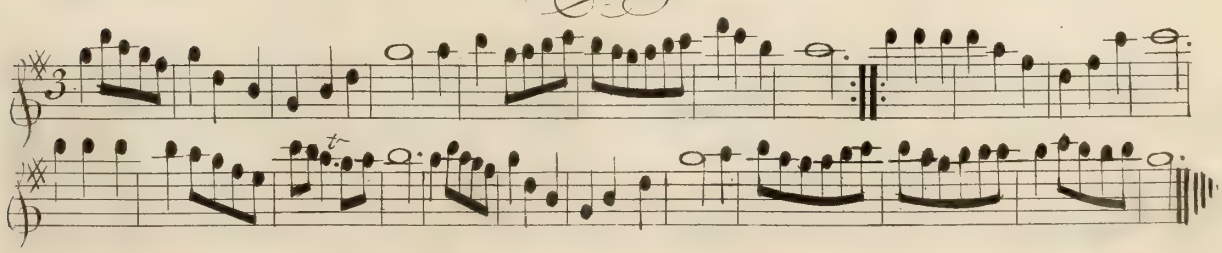
Set by Mr. Popely.

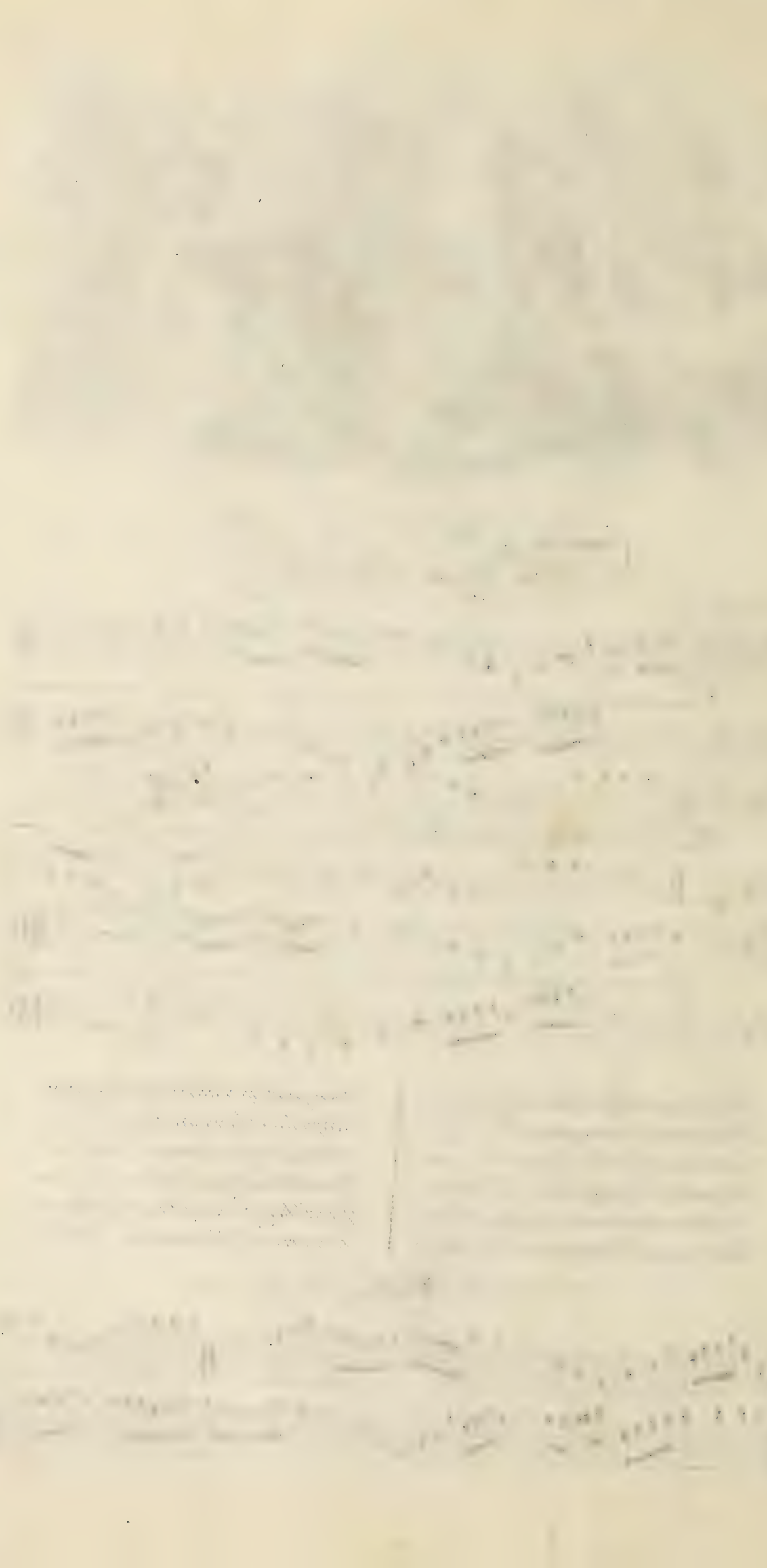
Come little Cupid, God of Love, Each tender Passion gently move,
With fondest Wishes, softest Pain; Exert thy courted pleasing Reign,
Assist this present new Desire, And kindly Fann ye glowing Fire.

Then prune thy Silken Wings & hear:
These Sounds to haughty Chloe's Ear;
Capricious fair One, lay aside,
Thy aukard Coyness, hateful Pride,
For know, that now's ye happy Hour;
That roving Damon owns thy pow'r.

Then quickly Snatch the golden Bow,
Accept his Flame, receive his Vow;
Tell her, I rage, I smart, I die,
Nor tell her, Boy, 'tis all a Lye;
Yet tell her, if she will not Yield,
To morrow Celia takes the Field.

Flute.





IN PRAISE of BACCHUS.

For two Voices & other Instruments.

The Musick by Corelli.

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story.

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story.

Wines first Projector, Mankinds Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!

Wines first Projector, Mankinds Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!

Friend to the Muses, a Whetstone to Venus;
Herald to Pleasures, when Wine would convene us,
Sorrow's Physician,
When our Condition,
In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to screen us.

Nature she smil'd when thy Birth it was blazed;
Mankind rejoyc'd when thy Altars were raised;
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the Vine's growing,
And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

1. FLUTE

2. FLUTE

Gravelot inv. Bickham jun.r sculp.

THE Coblers End.

Set by M.r Leveridge.

A Cobler there was, & he liv'd in a Stall, Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen & Hall; No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate; No Am- bition had he, nor Duns at his Gate. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

2
Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,—
If at Night, he could purchase a Jug of brown't Nappy;
He'd Laugh then, & Whistle, & Sing to most sweet,—
Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet.
3 &c
But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,—
That Shoots at y.e Peasant, as well as y.e Beau;—
He Shot the poor Cobler quite thoro' the Heart,—
I wish it had Hit some more ignoble Part.—
4 &c
It was from a Window, this Archer did Play,—
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,
That she Shot y.e poor Cobler quite over the Way.—
&c

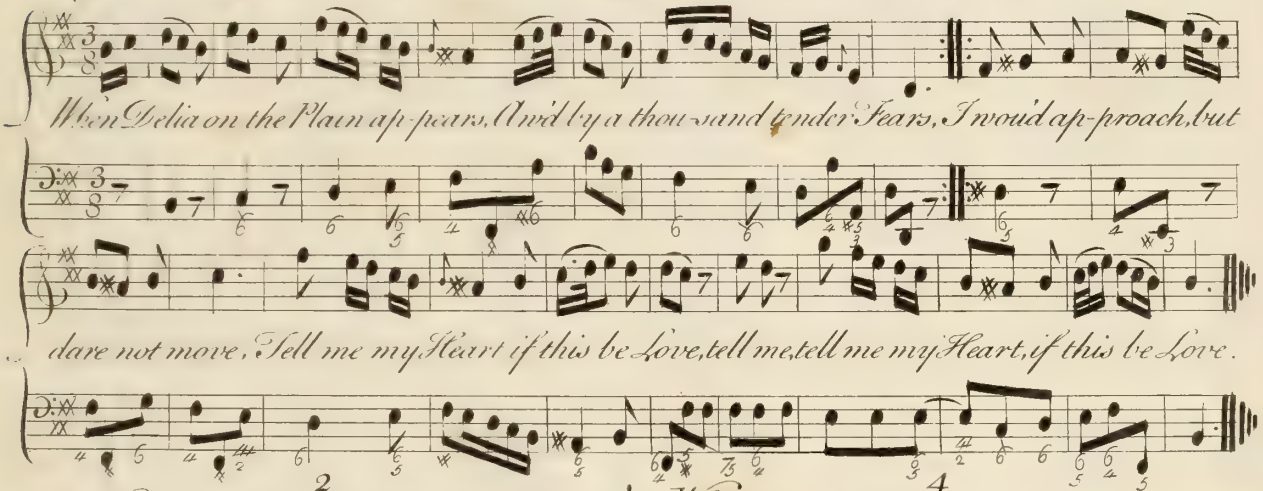
5
He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,—
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;—
When ever he Spake, she would flounce & would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.—
6 &c
He took up his Awl, that he had in y.e World,—
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Soul,—
So the Cobler he dy'd, and y.e Bell it did toll.—
7 &c
And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take Notice of this Cobler's End,—
Keep your Hearts out of Love for we find by n.r past,
That Love brings us all to an End at the last.—
&c

FLUTE.

Set by Mr. Holcombe. G. Bickham jun. sc.

THE Doubtful Shepherd.

To y^e R^t Hon^ble y^e Duke of BOLTON, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.


When Delia on the Plain ap-pears, Awe'd by a thou-sand tender Fears, I would ap-proach, but
dare not move, Tell me my Heart if this be Love, tell me, tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

2

When ever she Speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,
No other Wit but her's approve,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

3

If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
That Instant Enemy I prove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

4

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

5

When arm'd with Insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love. &c.

FLUTE.

The Ladies Lamentation for ỹ Loss of Senesino.

G. Bickham junr. sc.

Set for ỹ German Flute &c.

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone, A beautifull Creature was making her Moan,

Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both the Air and my

Heart with her Cries, Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, And she peirc'd both ỹ

Ritt

Air and my Heart with her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her moan,
She told me her sweet Senisino was flown,
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear Charmer wou'd come back again.

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,
That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye,
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee,
My Warbler Celestial sweet Darling of fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, that has soar'd to the Sky;
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she,
But one much more tunefull, by far than all three,
My sweet Senisino for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni, Likewise,
Whom stars, and whom Garters, extol to the skies,
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

FOR THE FLUTE.

The Dejected Lass.

A Lass that was loaden with care, set heavily under a Thorn, Ilis-ten'd a-while for to
hear, And thus she be-gan for to mourn. So merry as we twa have been, So happy as
we twa have been, O my Heart it is like to dis-pair, When I think of the Days we have seen.

When you my dear Shepherd was there,
The Birds did melodiously sing,
And the cold nipping Winter did near,
A face that resembled the Spring.
Our Flocks feeding close by his side,
As he gently prefsed my Hand,
I had ỹ wide World in my Pride,
And could all it's Glories withstand.

My Dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Or why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee?
But now he is far from my Sight,
Perhaps new Advice may approve,
Which makes me lament Day & Night,
That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve when the rest of ỹ Folk,
Were merrily seated to Spin,
I sat my self under his Oak,
And I heavily sighed for him.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun. fc.

The KING and the MILLER.

How happy a state does the Miller possess, Who would be no greater nor fears to be less, On his Mill is himself he De-

pends for support, which is better than Servilely cringing at Court, What tho' he all Dusty and whitened does go, The

More he's beponder'd the more like a Beau a Clown in this Dress may be honester far, than a Courtier who struts in a

Garter and Star, Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.

Tho his hands are so Daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean,
A Palm more Polite may as Dirtily deal,
Gold in Handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other Men's sacks,
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who Borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or Should he Endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he Mimicks the Fools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,
So all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry he Drinks when he's Dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye,
Then Rises up chearfull to work and to sing,
If so happy a Miller then who'd be a King.

Set by Mr. Arne. FLUTE. G. Bickham fc.

G. Bickham jun. fculp.

The LOVELY BETRAYERS.

To the Rt. Hon.ble the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

In vain bright Nymphs ye would disguise, your Se-crets & elude our Eyes:
A sudden Paleneſs in your Cheeks, Or Blush empha-ti-cal-ly Speaks: A
tender Sigh, a ri-sing Smile; A Glance, will your Re-solves beguile: Even art-
leſs Si-lance, Thought displays; And all the in-moſt Soul betrays.

For the Flute. The Words by Mr. Lockman.

Published According to Act of Parliament July 16. 1737

The Charms of Dishabille, or New Tunbridge Wells at Islington.

Whence comes it that ye shining Great, To Titles born & awful State, Thus condescend thus

check their Wills, And scud away to Tunbridge Wells, To mix with vulgar Beaux & Belles. Ye

Sages your famd Glasses raise. Survey this Meteors dazling Blaze, And say, portends it Good or Ill.

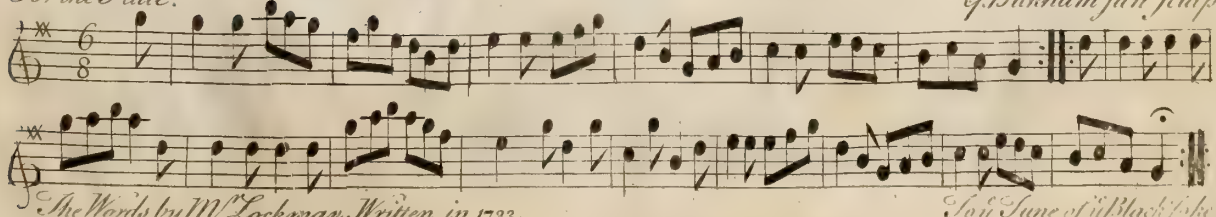
Soon as Aurora gilds the Skies,
With brighter Charms ye Ladies rise,
So dart forth Beams that save or kill.
No Homage at the Toilette paid,
(Their lovely Features unsurveyd)
Sweet Negligence her Influence lend,
And all ye artless Graces blends,
That form ye tempting Dishabille.

Behold ye Walks, a checquerd Shade,
In ye gay Pride of Green arrayd;
How bright ye Sun! ye Air how still!
In wild Confusion there we view,
Red Ribbons groopd with Aprons blew;
Scrapes, Curtzies, Nods, Winks, Smiles & Frowns,
Lords, Milkmaids, Dutchesses and Clowns,
In their all various Dishabille.

Thus, in the famous Age of Gold,
(Not quite romantic tho' so old)
Mankind were merely Jack & Gill.
On flowry Banks, by murmring Streams,
They tatld, walkd, had pleasing Dreams,
But dress'd indeed, like awkward Folks:
Not Steeple Hats, Surtouts, short Cloaks;
Fig-leaves the only Dishabille.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.



The Words by Mr. Lockman, Written in 1733.

To ye Tune of ye Black Joke

THE Dying Nymph.

Slow.

Whilst endless Tears & Sighs declare, Thy slighted Love & brea--king Heart, The little

warblers of y Air, In thy soft Sorrow seem to share, And plain-tive notes, like Sighs impart.

The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow;
And near thee glow'd, with brighter Grace,
And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now;
Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow;
Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face:—

The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe,
Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart,
And soften'd with Louisa's Woe,
Does all his cruel Wiles forego;—
And silent, Weeps his Fatal Art.

FLUTE.

Set. by M.r Lampe

G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

Si Caro.

Sung by Senesino.

Si car o caro. Si ti ſtringo al ſin co si nel se no amato caro Si ca ro ca ro. Si Si ca ro caro

. Si ti ſtringo al fin co si nel ſeno ama to ca ro ca ro Si

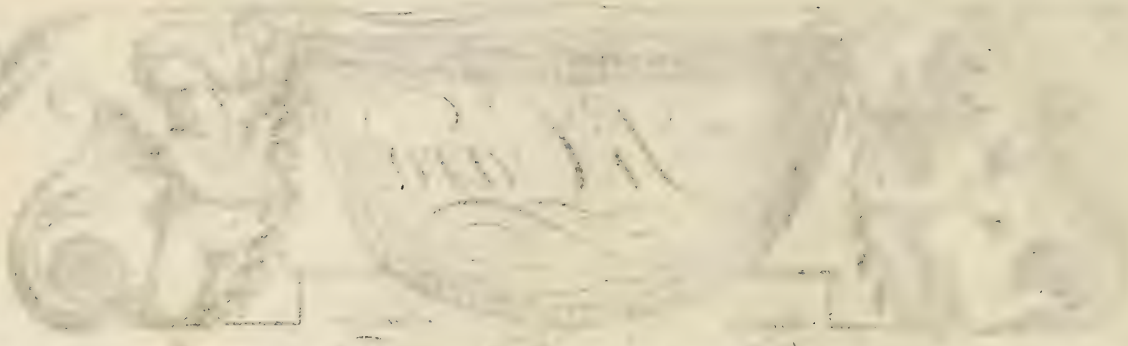
ca ro ti ſtringo al fin co si nel se no ama to ca ro ca ro Si caro ti ſtringo al fin co

si nel se no ama to Un dapiu gelo ſia tormento

al alma mia ne al sen piaga to non dapiu gelo

ſia tormento al alma mia ne al sen piaga to. D C.

For the Flute.



Set by Mr. Digard. G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

The Amour.

To her Grace the Dutchess of QUEENSBERRY, these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

Not too Fast.

Whilst I gaze on Cloe Trembling, Straight her Eyes my Fate declare; When she

Smiles I fear dissembling; When she Frowns I fear dispair: Jealous of some rival Lover; If a

wandring look she gives, Fain I would resolve to leave her, But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I Conceal my Passion,
Or the torments I Endure;
I'll disclose my Inclination,
Awful Distance yeilds no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be Cruel to her Slave;
She is to Divine a Creature,
To Destroy what she can Save.

Happy he whose inclination,
Warms but with a Gentle heat,
Never flies up to a Passion;
Loves a torment if too Great.
When y.e Storm is once blown Over;
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a Constant, faithful Lover;
Seldom meets with true Repose.

FLUTE.

Not too Fast.

No XII.

Published, According to Act of Parliament, August 5. 1737.

THE Cautious Maid.

Leave me Shepherd leave me give o'er your art-ful Wiles, Ev'ry look Deceives me & ev'ry Word he guiles.

If I yeild you will fly, I must re-pent & mourn; Shepherd tis too soon to try, what tis to be for-lorn.

2

Why are you Pursuing,
To urge me to my Fate,
To Contrive my Ruin,
And prove your self Ingrate.
If I yeild you will fly,
I must repent and mourn;
Still I can't forbear to try,
What tis to be forlorn.

3

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few sweet Moments make;
Years of grief and sorrow,
They in exchange must take.
It is madness to be wise,
When Cupid bends his bow,
Every sense then open Eyes,
To entertain the Foe.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Set by M.r Stanley. *G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.*

THE ADDRESS to SYLVIA.

Set by Mr. Handel.

G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

Blest with my Sylvia, life proves a pleasure, but from my treasure

tis nought but pain: Fondly Loving,

constant moving, sweetly flowing, Smiles bestow

ing; with Joy then Sylvia fly to your Lover, you'll there discover, how

much you reign: If when you find my

Soul sincere, why should you fly me, what can you fear; why should you

fly me, what can you fear. D.C.

For the German and Common Flute.

The Absent Lover.

Affettuoso.

Ye gentle Gales that fan ỹ Air, And wanton in ỹ shady Grove;
Oh! whisper to my absent Fair, My secret Pain and endless Love.

2

And in the Sultry heat of Day,
When she does seek some Cool retreat;
Throw Spicy Odours in her way,
And scatter Roses at her feet.

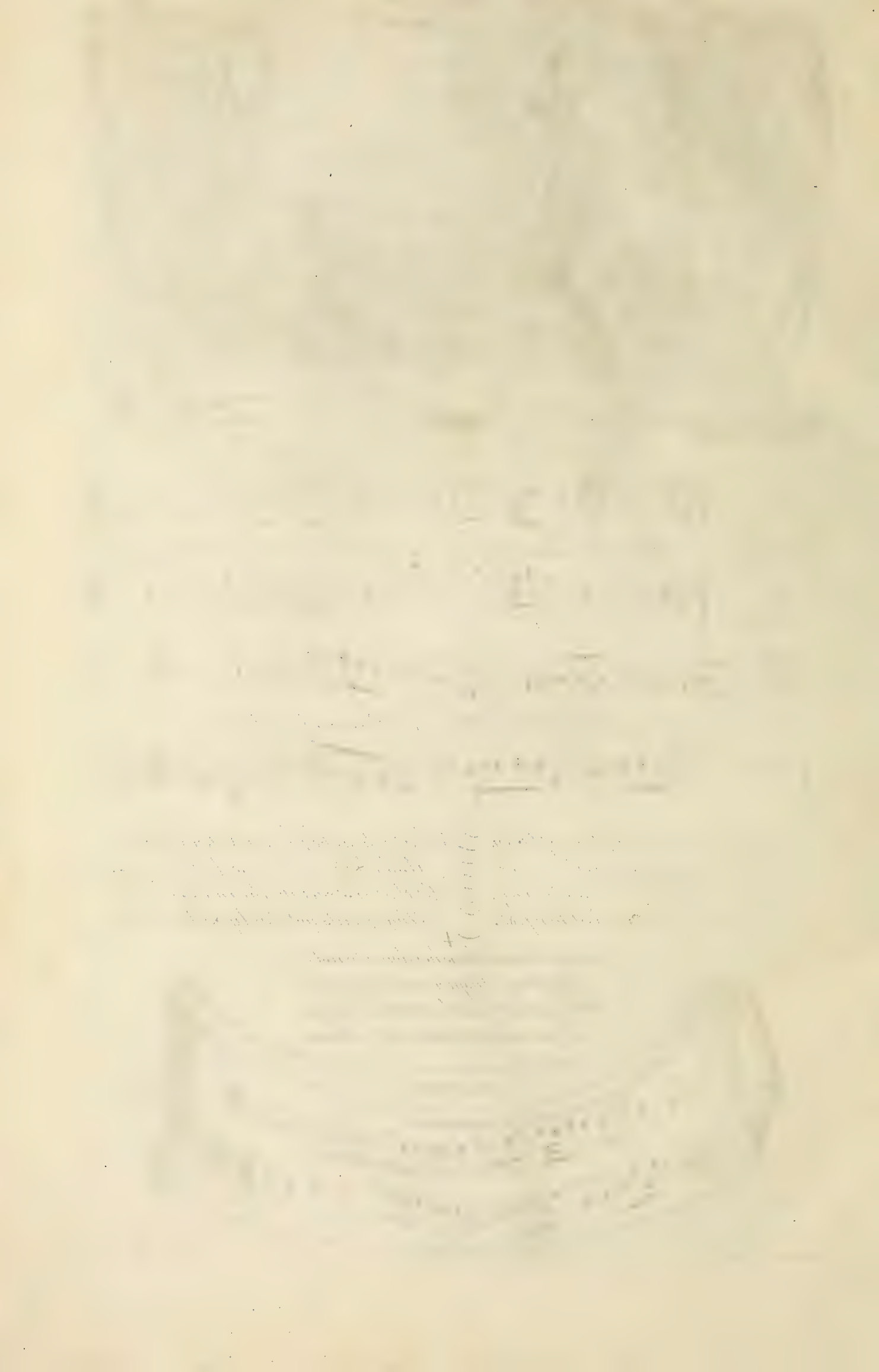
3

That when she sees their Colours Fade,
And all their Pride neglected lye;
Let that instruct the charming Maid,
That sweets not timely gather'd dye.

4

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some Auspicious Vision shon;
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

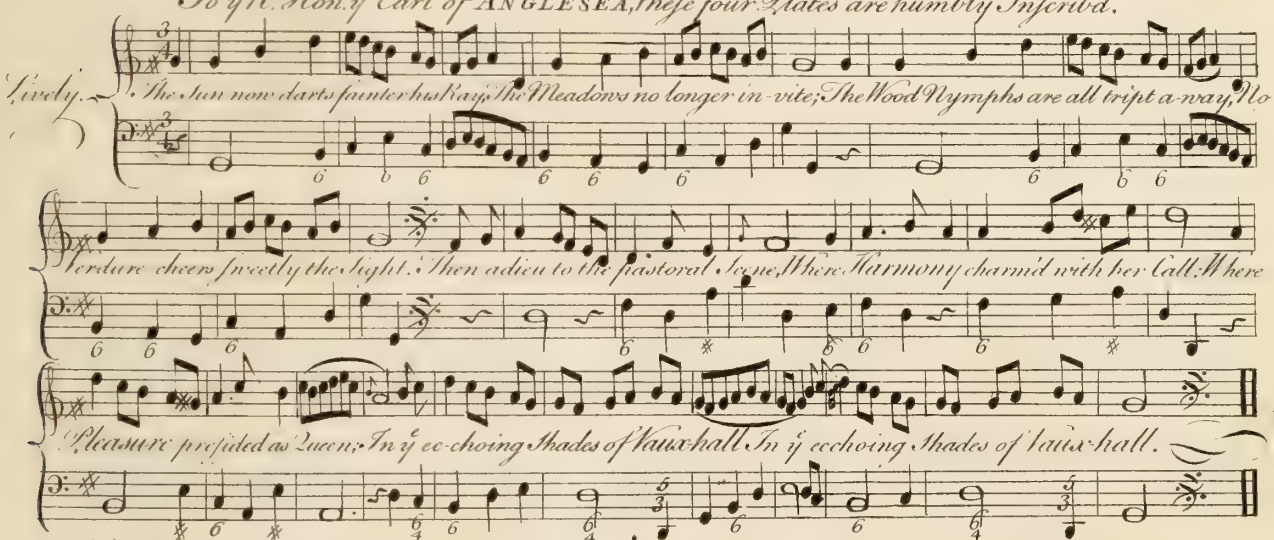
G. Bickham junr. sculp. Set by M.r Barnard.



The Words (in 1735) by Mr. Lockman. — Set to Musick by Mr. Boyce.

The ADIEU to the SPRING-GARDENS.

To y^e R^t Hon.^ble y^e Earl of ANGLESEA, these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.


Lively.
The Sun now darts fainter his Rays, The Meadows no longer in-vite; The Wood Nymphs are all tript a-way, No
Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral Scene, Where Harmony charm'd with her Call. Where
Pleasure presided as Queen; In y^e ec-choing Shades of Vaux-hall. In y^e ecchoing Shades of Vaux-hall.

(2) Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,
When wafted to th' Elysian Plains,
As those which my Senses employ'd,
Convey'd to Vaux Hall by y^e Thames;
Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove;
My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:
I seem'd in Inchantment to rove,
And Deities gliding around.

(3) How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze
Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!
Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,
I thought Beauty's Goddess was there.
Not Venus, whose Smiles breed Alarms,
And with vain Allurements destroy;
But Beauty, whose Bashfulness charms,
And which when possess'd gives true Joy.

(4) The Maid to whom Honour is dear,
Uncensur'd might take off her Glass;
And stray among Beaux without fear,
No Snake lurking there in the Grass.
In blissful Arcadia of old,
Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joyn'd,
The Swains thus discreetly were bold,
The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.

(5) Old Winter, with Sticles spread,
Will soon all his Horrors resume;
Those past, Spring must lift her fair Head,
And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.
Thy Bowers, O Vaux-hall, then shall rise,
In all the gay pride of the Field:
Thy Music shall sweetly surprise;
To thee, fam'd Elysium shall yield.

FLUTE

Published According to Act of Parliament, 17^th August. 1737.

Advice to Celia.

Set by Mr Stanley

Oh Celia recall thy loft Hours, And Duty & Reason obey; Despise Love &

all those false Powers, That first gave young Strephon & Sway: Believe me the

Swain is a Rover, Nor constant to any can be, Then prithee discard, dis-

card such a Lover; And once more resolve to be free, & once more resolve to be free.

FLUTE

O. V.

Beauty.

Set by Seign.r Patti.

G. Bickham jun.r fculp.

Beauty gilds ỹ blushing Morn, hangs ỹ dew-drop on ỹ Thorn; Paints ỹ Rose in

richest Bloom, That fills ỹ Air with sweet perfume: But sweet perfume Nor Rose in

Bloom, nor dew-drop bright, Nor morning Light, In charms can vie with woman's Eye.

In woman's Eye we raptur'd view, Beauty at once and Pleasure too.

For the Flute.

Published According to Act of Parliament. August 17. 1737.

The Lovers Protestation

Set by Mr. Popely

G. Bickham Sculp.

Siciliana

No more shall Buds on Branches spring, Nor Violets paint the Grove; Nor warbling Birds delight to sing, If I forsake my Love: The Sun shall cease to spread his Light, Stars their Orbits leave, And fair Creation sink in Night, When I my Dear deceive.

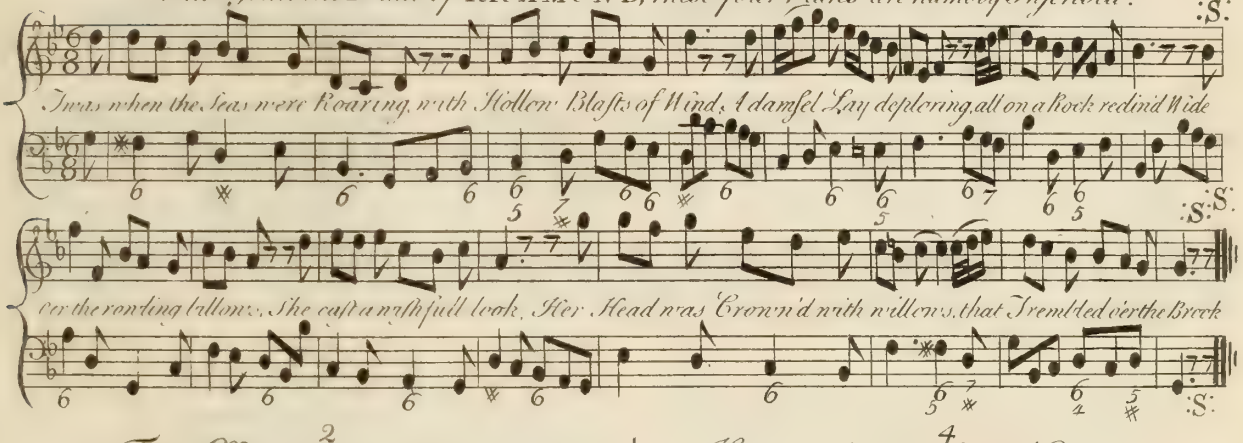
Siciliana

For the German and Common Flutes.

Set by Mr Handel.

The Melancholly Nymph.

To his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND, these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.


I was when the Seas were Roaring, with Hollow Blasts of Wind, A damsel Lay deploring, all on a Rock reclin'd Wide
o'er the rowling billows. She cast a wishfull look, Her Head was Crown'd with willows, that Trembled o'er the Brook

2

Twelve Months were gon and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didst thou venterous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas,
Cease Cease then Cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest;
Ah! what's the troubled motion,
To that within my Breast.

3

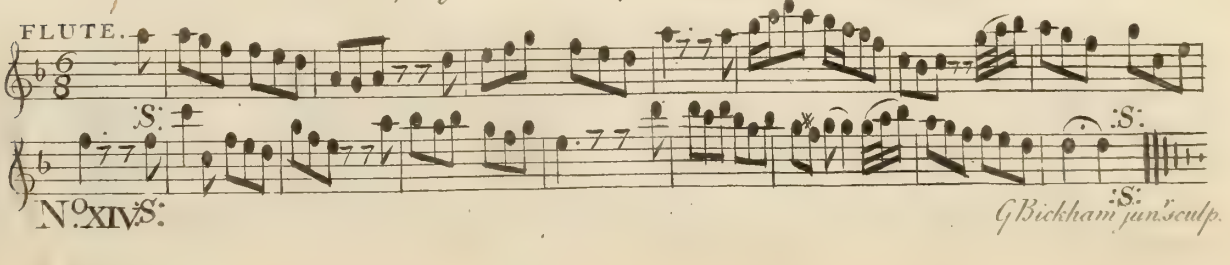
The Merchant rob'd of Pleasure,
Views Tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of Treasure,
To the loosing of my Dear,
Should you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Dimonds grow;
You'd find a Richer Maiden,
But none that Loves you so.

4

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in Vain;
Why then beneath the water,
Doe hiedeous Rocks remain:
No Eyes the Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep;
To wrack the wandring Lover,
And leave the Maid to Weep.

5

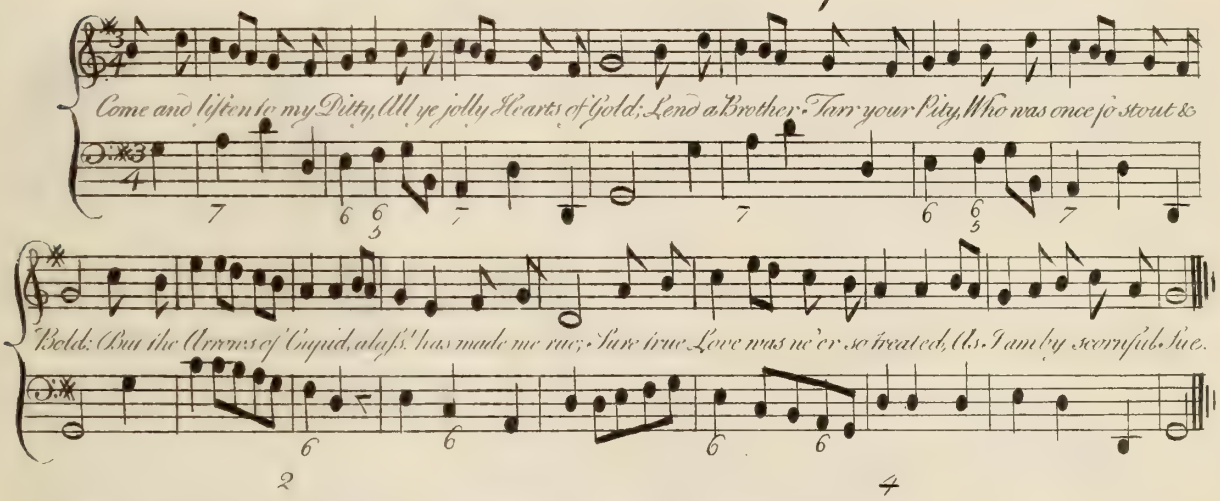
All Melancholly Lying,
Thus wail'd She for her Dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er ye white waves stooping,
His floating Corps she spy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head and Dy'd.



No. XIV.

G Bickham jun.r sculp.

The Sailor's Complaint


Come and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a Brother Tarr your Pity, Who was once so stout &
Bold: But the Arrows of Cupid, alass! has made me rue; Sure true Love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful Sue.

2

When I landed first at Dover,
  She appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
  And was struck with so fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty Sukey walked,
  Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing
  I, alass! was cast away.

3

When first I hail'd my pretty Creature,
  The delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever saw a sweeter,
  I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
  For Better, or for Worse;
But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
  For to stear the Marriage Course.

4

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
  Cou'd have come into my Mind,
Than to see the Bold Defiance,
  Sailing right before the Wind:
O'er the white Waves as she danced,
  And her Colours gayly flew;
But that was not half so charming,
  As the Trim of lovely Sue.

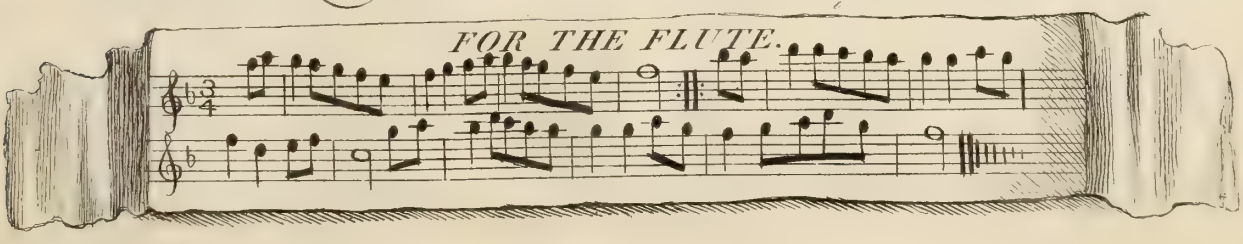
5

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
  Where the stormy Winds do rise,
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,
  Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
  Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers,
  In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

6

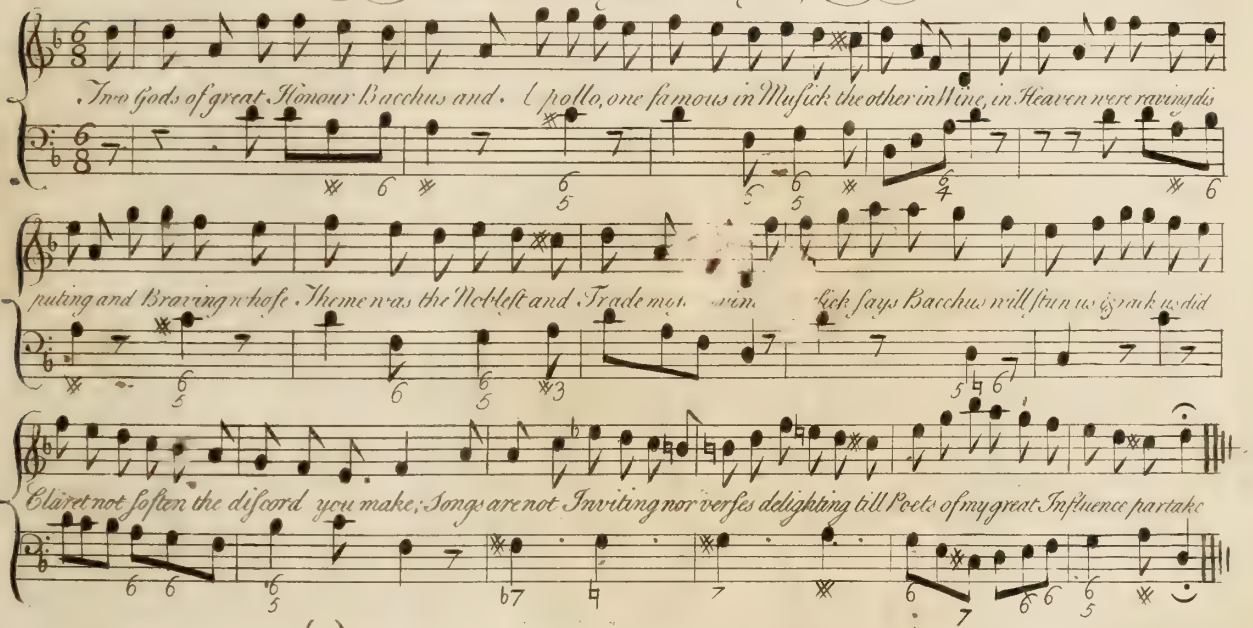
Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
  Had the Heart to use me so;
Till I found by often sounding,
  She'd another Love in tow:
So farewel hard hearted Sukey,
  I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
  Since I in yours cannot be.

FOR THE FLUTE.



The Dispute of the Gods

Decided by Venus.


Two Gods of great Honour Bacchus and Apollo, one famous in Musick the other in Wine, in Heaven were raving dis
puting and Braving whose Theme was the Noblest and Trade most swim lick says Bacchus will stun us & rack us did
Claret not soften the discord you make; Songs are not Inviting nor verses delighting till Poets of my great Influence partake

(2)

I'm young plump and Jolly free from Melancholly,
Who ever grew Fat by the Sound of a String;
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute,
To purchase a Bottle before they dare Swing
In Love I am noted by Old and young Courted,
A Girl when Inspir'd by me is Soon won;
So great are the motions of one of my Potions;
The Muses tho' maids I could whore ev'ry one.

(3)

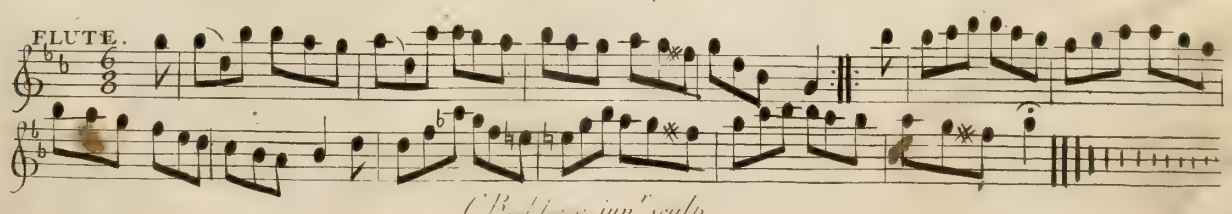
When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted,
To me as a Father for Succour they cry;
In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions,
A Bottle revives the Oppress Votary;
Then leave of your Tooting y Fidling and Fluting,
Aside throw your Harp and now bow to a Flask;
My Joys they are Riper than songs from a Piper,
What Musick is Sweeter than sounding a Cask.

(4)

Says Phœbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or mellow,
To prize Musick less than Wine and October;
When those who love drinking are past thoughts of thinking,
And want so much wit as to keep themselves sober.
As they were thus wrangling a scolding and Jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end the Dispute;
Says She now to ease ye Mars best of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute.

(5)

Your musick has Charm'd me your wine has alarm'd me,
When I have Shen'd Coyness and hard to be won;
When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving,
And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.
The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Jove's Thunder,
They'd mutually Joyn in Supplying Love's Flame,
Since each in their Function mov'd on in Conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame.



G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

ON

Zelinda's

On dear Zelinda's charms I gaze And drink destruction from her Eyes In those bright

Orbs Love gayly plays And laughing bids his Arrows fly He wounds without ceasing if

pain is yet pleasing So sweet is if anguish I love & I languish I love & I languish. And

when from my charmer methinks I could Dye & when from my charmer methinks I could dye.

With Venus when on Ida's Grove
For charms Zelinda may compare
She looks and moves if Queen of Love
As fair her Face divine her Air
Bright Youth & good nature
Light up ev'ry Feature
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting
Inviting delighting
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move.

FLUTE.

Set by Senr Putti of Cambridge.

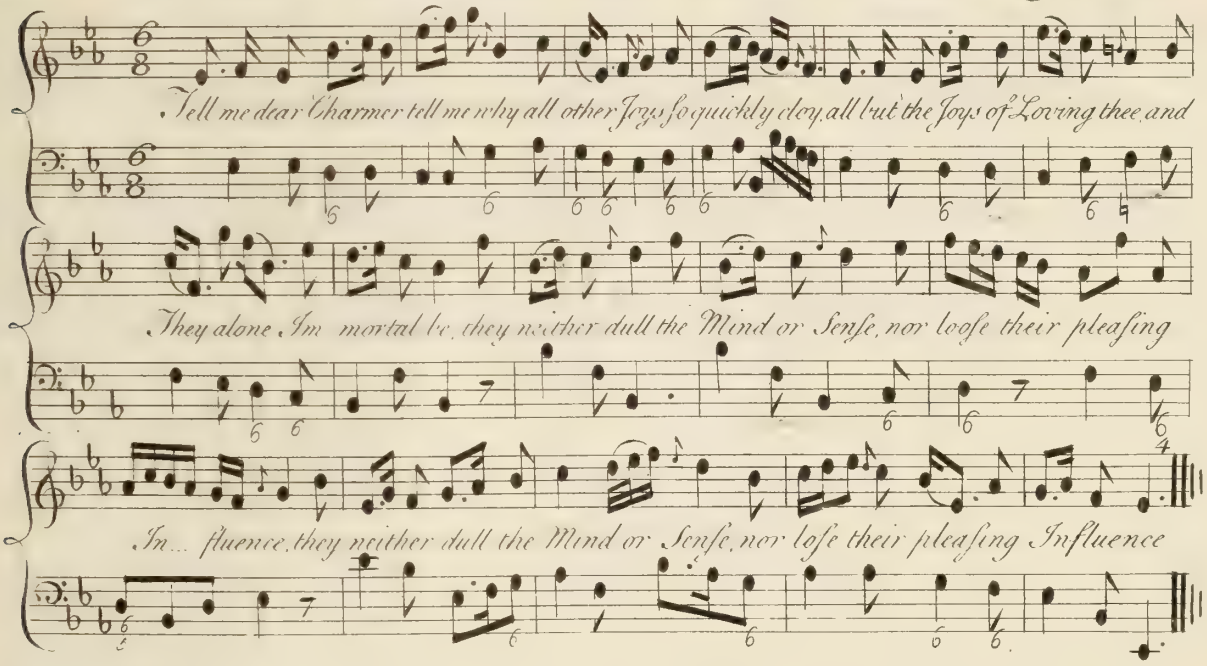
G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

G. Bickham Junr. sculp.

The Inamourd Swain.

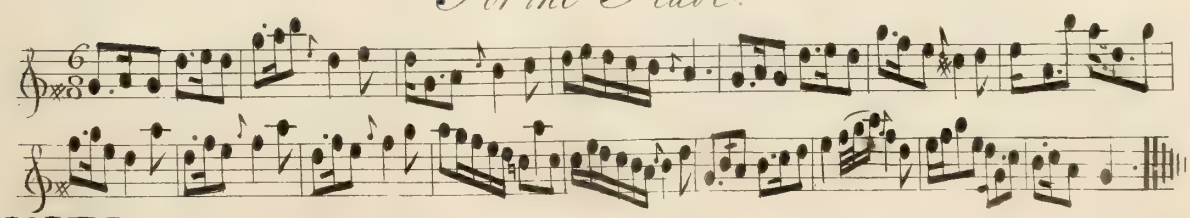
Set by Mr Howard.

To the Rt. Hon.ble the Earl of ROCKINGHAM *these Four Plates are humbly inscribd.*


Tell me dear Charmer tell me why all other Joys so quickly cloy, all but the Joys of Loving thee, and
They alone Im mortal be, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor loose their pleasing
In... fluence, they neither dull the Mind or Sense, nor lose their pleasing Influence

For ever I with fierce Desire
Could gaze on thee and never tire
My ravish'd Ears could all Day long
Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue
And when that fails yet still in you,
I something find that's always new.

For the Flute.



No. XV.

THE

Adieu to Susan.

G. Bickham Jun.r Sculp.

All in the downs the Fleet was moor'd the Streamers waving in the wind when black ey'd Susan came a board Oh where shall I my true Love find Tell me ye Jovial Sailors tell me true If my sweet William sails among the Crew

William who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

3

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air
Shuts close his Pinnions to his Breast
If chance his mates shrill call he hears
And drops at once into her Nest
The noblest Captain in the Brittish Fleet
Might envy Williams Lips those Kisses sweet

4

O! Susan Susan lovely dear
My vows shall ever true remain
Let me kiss off that falling tear
We only part to meet again
Change as ye list ye winds my heart shall be
The faithfull compass that still points to thee

5

Believe not what the land men say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They'll tell thee Sailors when away
At every port a mistress find
Yes Yes believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present wherefoeer I go

6

If to far Indias Coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in Diamonds bright
Thy Breath is Africks Spicy Gale
Thy Skin is Ivory so white
Thus every beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue

7

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn
Though Cannons roar yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return
Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears should drop from Susans Eye

8

The Boatswain gave the dreadfull word
The sails their swelling bosom spread
No longer must she stay on board
They kiss'd she sigh'd he hung his head.
Her lessning boat unwilling rows to Land
Adieu she cries and wav'd her Lilly hand

G. Bickham Junr. Sculp.

Jenny's Lamentation

Two Bonny Lads were Sanney & Jockey, Sanney was lov'd, but Jockey unlucky, Sanney was tall well favour'd & Witty but
Jockey was all, because he was pretty, For when he woo'd me, I'm'd me, su'd me, Never was Lad so like to undone
Fye Jenny d, almost dyed, least is should Rue me, If Jockey should gang and come no more to me

2

Jockey could love but he would not marry,
And I was afraid least I should miscarry;
His cunning tongue with Wit was so gilded,
That I was afraid least I might have ill did:
For when he Bless'd me press'd me kiss'd me,
Left was the Hour I thought when he miss'd me,
Crying denying and sighing I woo'd him,
And mickle adoe I had to get from him.

3

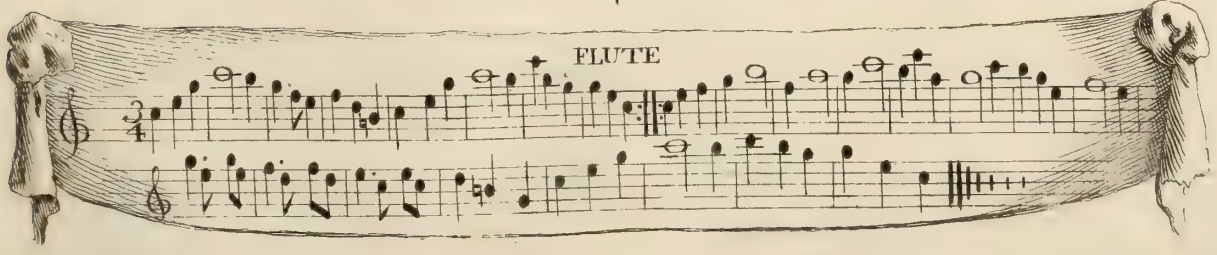
But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For Sanney woud make him to fight in a Duell.
Down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
Oh! there to his Death poor Jockey was wounded:
For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him, kill'd him,
Who can express my Greif that beheld him,
Sighing I tore my hair all for to bind him,
And vow'd and swore I would not stay behind him.

4

Thus Jenney for Jockey lay sighing and weeping,
For the loss of her Dear whilst others are sleeping;
And Sanney to see her thus sorely distressed,
For the loss of her Dear in his heart was Oppressed:
But when this Deluder woo'd her, su'd her,
She bid him be gone and call'd him Intruder;
And said should you die for my love I would mock ye,
You have been the Cause of the Death of my Jockey.

5

Oh! Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,
The Sythe of thy Virtue thy wondrous Merit;
Thy Goodness by me shall ne'er be forgotten,
I'll sing out thy Praise when thy Carcass lays rotten.
For thou wert the fairest rarest and dearest,
And now thou art gone like a Saint thou appearest.
I'll have on thy Grave Stone this Motto inserted,
Here lies lifeless Jockey who Dy'd broken hearted.



The FLY.

Busy Curious thirsty Fly Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome to my Cup could'st thou sip & sip it up

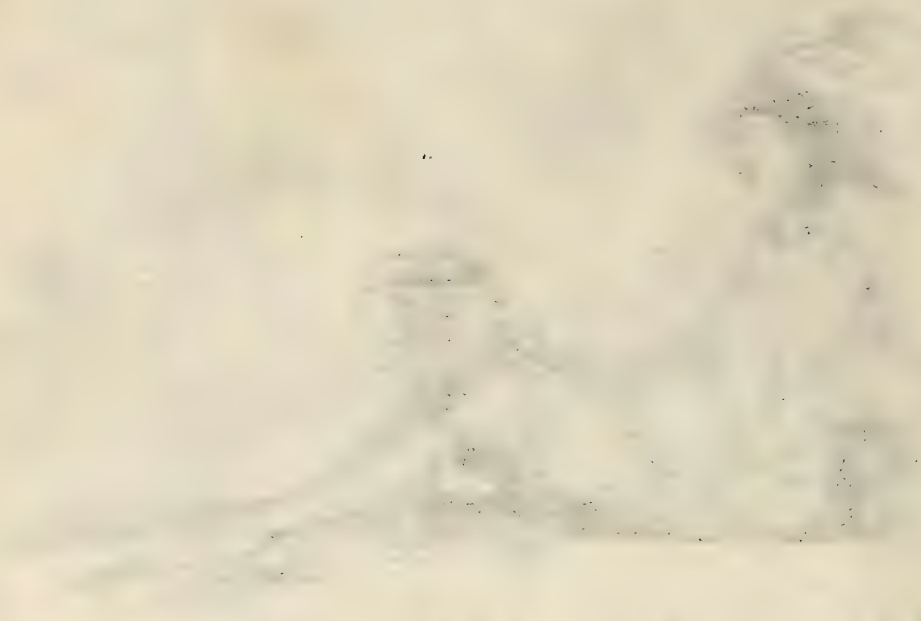
Busy Curious thirsty Fly Drink with me and drink as I, Freely welcome to my Cup could'st thou sip & sip it up

Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

Make the most of Life you may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

Both alike both mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline;
Thine's a Summer mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore;
Threescore Summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

For the Flute



The Delirious Lady.

To her Grace the Dutchess of BEDFORD, this Song of Purcel's is humbly Inscrib'd.

From Rosy Bow'rs where Sleeps the God of Love, hither, hither, ye little waiting Cupids
fly, fl---y, fl---y hither, ye lit tle waiting Cu---pids fly, teach me, teach me in
soft me---lodious Songs, to move with ten---der ten---der Passion my Hearts, my Hearts dar---ling Joy
Ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my
Voice to win dear Strephon dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en---joys.

Published according to Act of Parliament October 5. 1737.

N°. XVI

G. Bickham Jun. Inv.t et Sculp.

Or if more in-clu-ening is to be brisk and airy With a Step & a Bound & a Trisk from the Ground I will Trip like a-my Fairy.

As once on I-da Dancing were three Ce-lestial Bodies, With an Air & a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace, let me

Charm like Beauty's Goddess, With an Air and a Face and a Shape and a Grace let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.

Ah! ah! tis in vain, tis all, tis all, all in vain Death and De-spair must end the fa-tal Pain, cold Despair, cold, cold De-

spair disguis'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast; Bleak Winds in Tempest

Blo-------w in Tempests Blo------w My Veins all shiver, & my Fingers glow My Pulse beats a dead dead

March, my Pulse bea-ts a dead, dead March for lost Repose And to a solid lump of Ice my poor poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs, my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Thaw my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I, thaw my self or drown, A-mongst the foaming

Billows In-creasing, all with Tears. I shed On Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows, lay down, down,

down, lay down, down, down my Love sick Head, Say, say ye Pow'rs say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown

Shall I, shall I, shall I thaw my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown.

No, no, no, no, no I'le straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad that soon, that

Soon my Heart will warm, When once the Sense is fled is fled Love, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, no, pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, pow'r to Charm, Wild thro' the Woods I le fl - - - - - - - - - - - - y, Wil'd thro' y Woods I le fl - - - - - - - - - - - - y

Robes, Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus, be tore, a Thousand, Thousand, Deaths. I'le dye a Thousand,

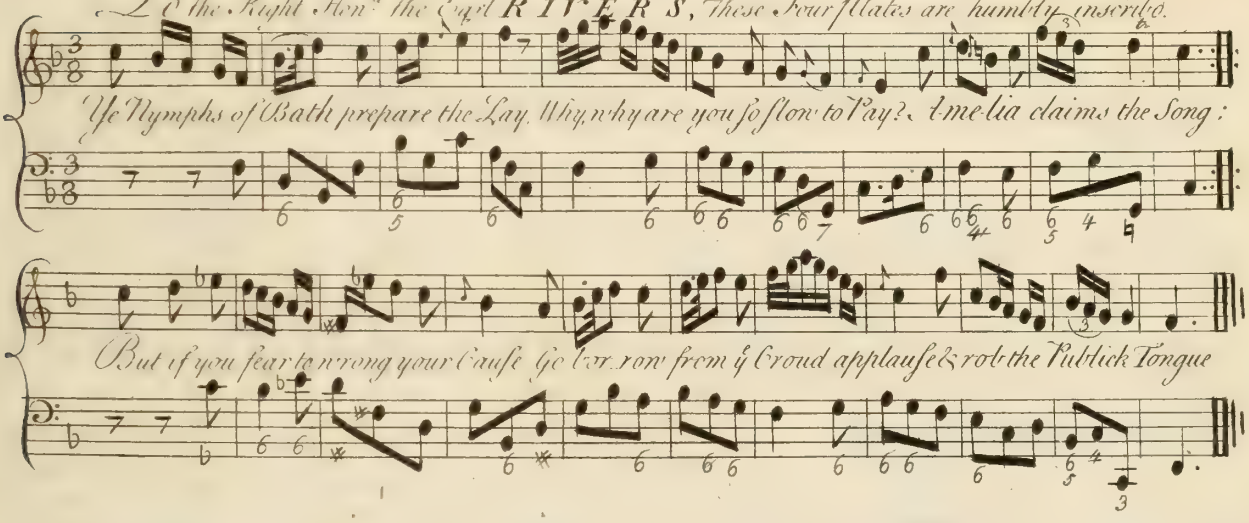
Thousand, Deaths. I'le dye, e're thus, thus in Vain, e're thus, thus in Vain, thus, in Vain adore.

ON

Princess Amelia.

Set by Dr Greene.

To the Right Hon.ble the Earl RIVERS, These Four Plates are humbly inscribd.


Ye Nymphs of Bath prepare the Lay, Why why are you so slow to Pay? Amelia claims the Song:
But if you fear to wrong your Cause Go Borrow from ỹ Croud applause & rob the Publick Tongue

2

Sweet as her softly flowing Name,
Sweet is Amelia's rising Fame;
And as her Virtue Great:
Attend ye Nymphs the favrite sound,
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
Let Avon's Banks repeat.

3

See, see, and sure you can no less,
See how the thronging People press!
Who, dwelling on her Face.
Cry, is She then of Brunswick's Line?
Are all like Her are all Divine?
And bless the Royal Race.

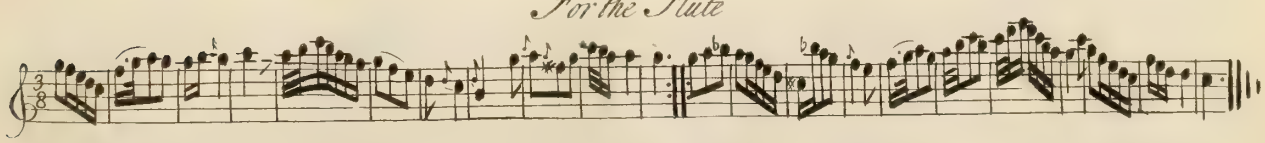
4

Encircled by our British Fair.
The Boast of Nature and her Care!
Amelia charms alone;
And will it not your Ear amaze,
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise.
And Pride to be out shone?

5

But chief our Youthfull Heroes trace,
While humbly on that Form they gaze,
And tell us their surprise;
Yet how ye Nymphs can that be said?
No, no; let's be content to read
Their wonder in their Eyes.

For the Flute



Inv.d by Mr. Howard. — G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.t

The Diffident Lover.

When Cloe was by Da. mon seen, What Heart cou'd be unmov'd? She look'd so like ye
Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, admir'd, & lov'd: He lov'd alas! but lov'd in vain, & full of grief & care; he
knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely, charming fair, the love...ly charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain;
He, not so fair a Bride:
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd;
Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,
For Cloe's case is thine
I dare not ask so much I dread,
Must Damons fate be mine?

For the Flute.

The Beautiful Charmer.

Stella darling of the Muses, Fairer than the Blooming Spring, Sweetest Theme the Poet Chuses,
When of Thee he strives to Sing, when of Thee He strives to Sing, While my Soul with Wonder Traces,
All thy Charms of Face & Mind, All thy Beauties, all thy Graces of thy Sex in Thee I find, of thy Sex in Thee I find.

Love and Joy and Admiration,
In my Breast Alternate rise,
Words no more can Paint my Passion,
:S: *Then the Pencil can thy Eyes.* :S:
Lavish Nature Thee adorning
O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks hath spread;
Colours that can Shame the Morning,
:S: *Smiling with Cœlestial Red.* :S:

Pallas Venus too must never
Boast their Charms triumphant Sit;
Stella bright! outvying ever,
:S: *This in Beauty, that in Wit.* :S:
Could the Gods, in Blest Condition,
Ought on Earth with Envy View;
Lovely Stella! their Ambition,
:S: *Would be to Resemble you.* :S:

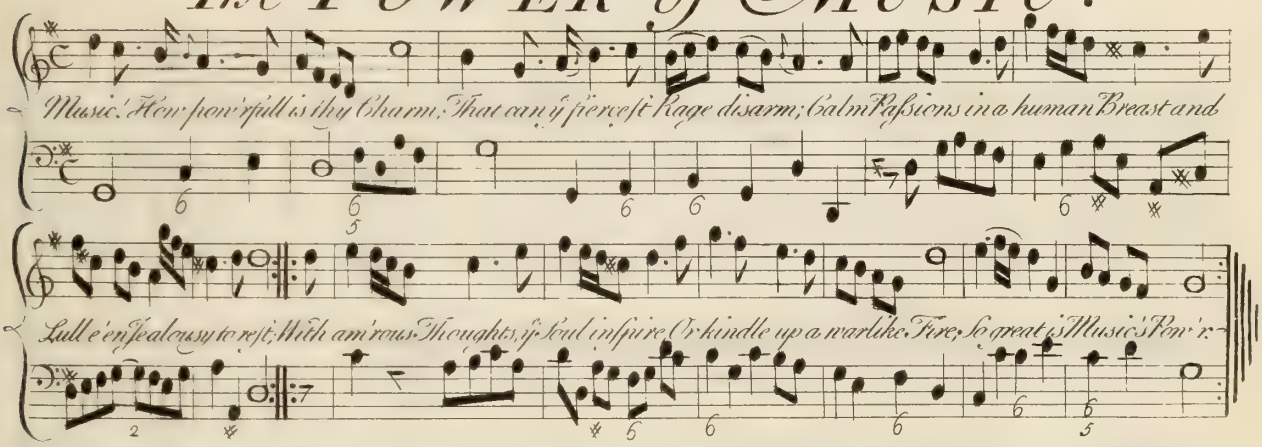
For the Flute.

The Musick by Mr. Handel. *Geo. Bickham jun.r Sculp.*

The words by Mr. Smith.

G. Bickham junr. Sculpt.

The POWER of MUSIC.


Music! How pow'rfull is thy Charm; That can ye fierceſt Rage disarm; Calm Paſsions in a human Breast and
Lull e'en Jealousy to reſt; With am'rous Thoughts, ye Soul inſpire, Or kindle up a warlike Fire; So great is Music's Pow'r.

2

Amphion with his tunefull Lyre
Cou'd Rocks remove, and Stones inspire;
Command a City to arise,
And lofty Buildings touch the Skies
While Stones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd and form'd a Wall,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

3

Arion, from his Veſsel cast,
In safety o'er the Seas he pass'd;
For, mounted like the Ocean's God,
Upon a Dolphin's Back he rode;
Whilst Shoals of Fishes flock'd around,
Well-pleas'd, drank in ye charming Sound,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

4

Sad Orpheus through Hell's dreary Coast
Was seeking for his Consort lost,
His Music drew the Ghosts along
And Furies listen'd to his Song;
His Song cou'd Charon's Rage disarm,
And Pluto and his Consort charm,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

5

Inflam'd by Music Soldiers fight,
Inspir'd by Music Poets write.
Music can heal the lover's wounds
And Calm fierce Rage by gentle Sounds;
Philosophy attempts in vain,
What Music can with ease attain,
So great is Music's Pow'r.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Set by Mr. John Hudson.

G. Bickham sc.

The Judgment of Paris.

To his Grace ye Duke of RUTLAND *these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*

When for a Silly glitt'ring Toy, Three Goddesses were in dispute;
Each try'd to bribe the gentle Boy, And gain the Gol--den Fruit.

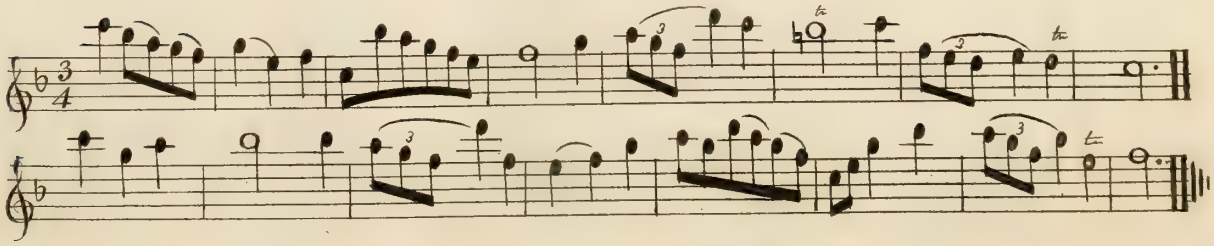
To me, said Juno, give the Prize;
A Kingdom shall be your Reward:
I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,
More worthy your Regard.

Here Venus artfully step'd in;
My Present will more tempting prove:
A Beauty promis'd, let Me win,
And quit all else for Love.

She said: he bows & thus replies,
Goddess, I can't but take this part:
What King so great, what Sage so wise,
As He who rules a Heart!

Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,
To Pow'r, or sordid Riches blind:
I'd Learning slight, my Books lay down,
Would Emma but be kind.

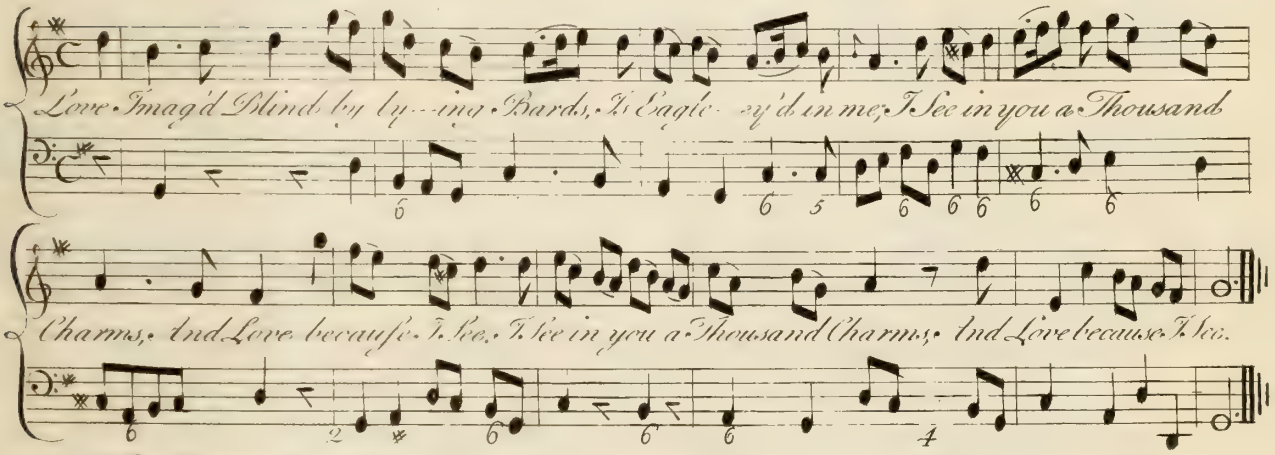
FOR THE FLUTE.



N.° XVIII. *By the Author of the Dream in N.° 9.*

To Sallinda.

Set by Mr. M.C. Festing.


Love Imag'd Blind by ly---ing Bards, Is Eagle ey'd in me; I See in you a Thousand
Charms, And Love because I See. I See in you a Thousand Charms, And Love because I See.

When Nature form'd that Angel Face,
She lavish'd all her Pow'rs:
Be This, she cry'd, my Master Piece,
Kneel Mortals, and adore!

Like equal rows of Orient Pearls,
She sets your even Teeth;
With live Vermillion stains your Lip,
With Nectar Dews your Breath.

3

Like her own Flora's vernal Blush,
Your blooming Cheek she dyes,
And from the Morning Dew-drops takes
The Lustre of your Eyes.

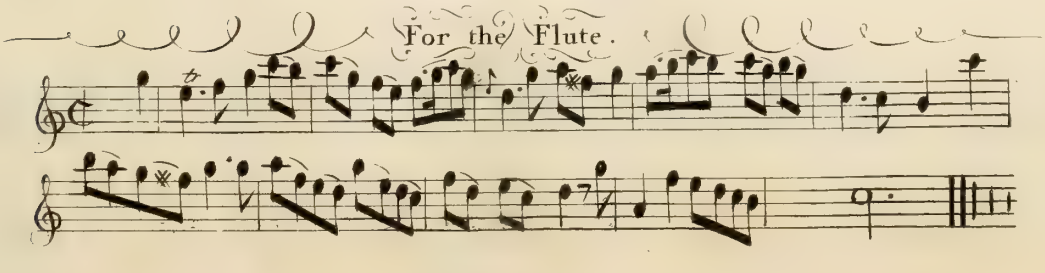
5

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,
The Features of your Mind;
And Pleasure speaks in ev'ry Glance,
The Wish of all Mankind.

6

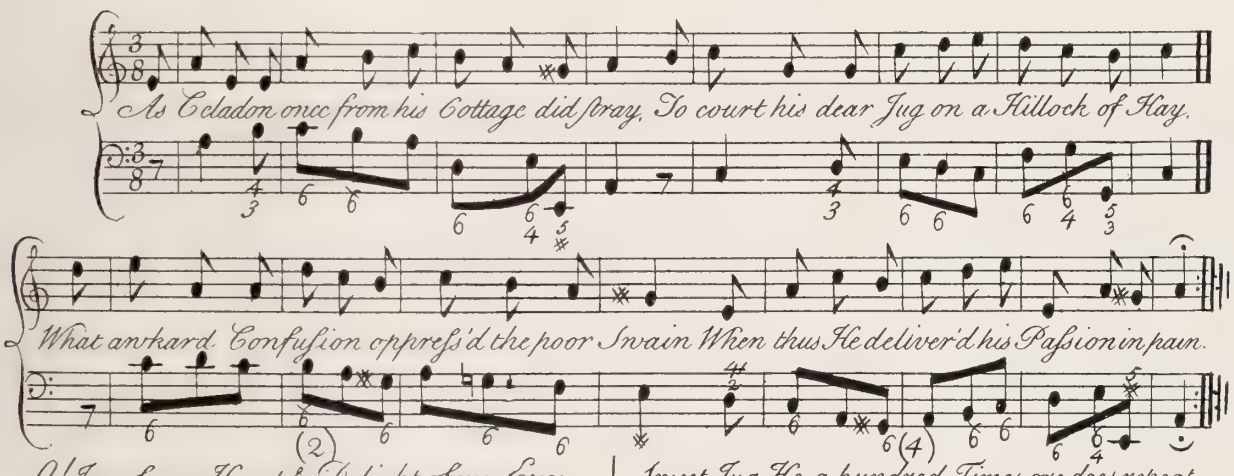
Where all the Graces thus Unite,
'Tis Merit to Approve;
And Reason, which at first Admir'd,
Is forc'd to end in Love.

For the Flute.



Set by D.r Green. G. Bickham Sculp.

THE Fond Celadon.


As Celadon once from his Cottage did stray, To court his dear Jug on a Hillock of Hay,
What anxkard Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain When thus He deliver'd his Passion in pain.

O! Joy of my Heart & Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jug 'tis for Thee faithfull Celadon dies:
My Pipe I've forsaken tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping and waking thy Name I repeat.

(3)

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher I call for a Jug:
And sure You can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jug He a hundred Times o're does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet:
Ah! why doest thou laugh at my sorrowfull Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

(5)

For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As He at our last Harvest Supper confest;
I own it says Jug He has gotten my Heart,
His long Curling Hair looks so pretty & smart.

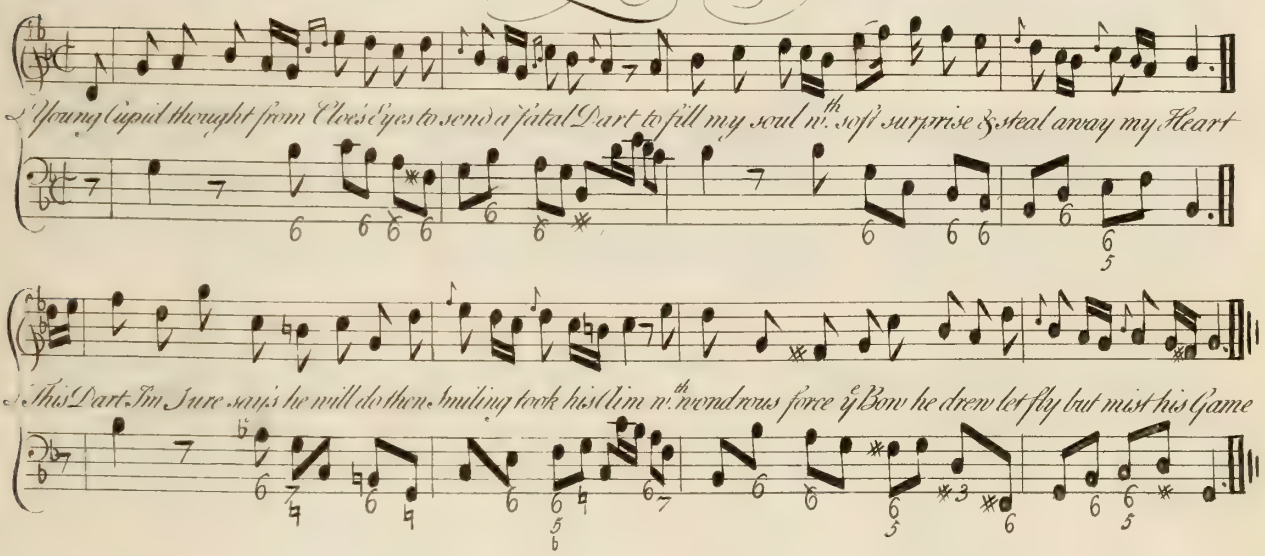
(6)

His Eyes are so Black and his Cheeks are so Red,
They prevail more with me than all you have said;
Tho' you Court me & Kiss me & do what you can,
I will signify Nothing for Rogers the Man.

For the Flute.

CUPID DECEIV'D.

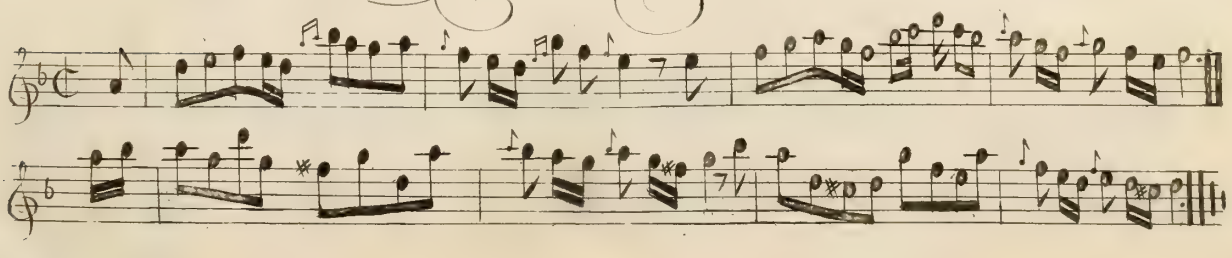
Set by Mr. Howard.


Young Cupid thought from Cloe's Eyes to send a fatal Dart to fill my soul wth soft surprise & steal away my Heart
This Dart I'm sure says he will do then Smiling took his stand him wth wond'rous force & Bow he drew let fly but mist his Game

Surpris'd to See his Arrow Miss
He gaz'd on Cloe's Face
When just where Strephon stole a Kiss
He found out Cloe's Case
No wonder cry'd the subtle Boy
My Power prov'd so faint
The foolish Girl has spoil'd my Toy
With various sorts of Paint

Enrag'd to Venus straight he flies
And humbly thus he pray'd
Bestow a Curse on Cloe's Eyes
And make her dye a Maid
The Goddess granted his request
Her charms no more excel
To all She's now become a jest
And must lead Apes in Hell.

For the Flute



Set by Mr. Carey. THE CHACE. G. Bickham sculp.

To the R.t Hon.r the Earl of HALIFAX, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

A way a way we've Crown'd the Day we've Crown'd the Day a way a way we've

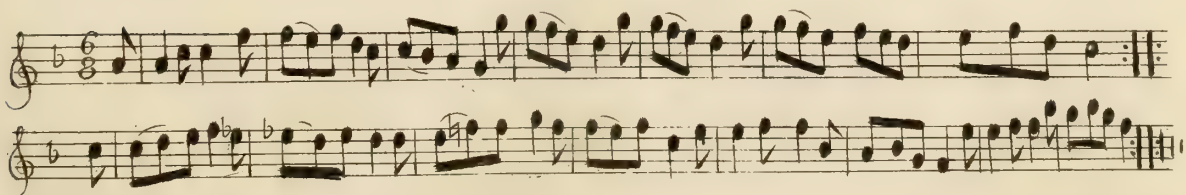
Crown'd the Day the Hounds are waiting for their Prey, The Huntsman's Call In-vites ye all the

Huntsman's Call In-vites ye all, Come in Come in Boys while you may, Come in come in Boys while you may.

The Jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn
The Jolly Horn the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of Deep Mouth'd Hounds
These These my Boys, are Heavenly Joys
These These my Boys are Heavenly Joys
Come in Come in Boys while ye may, Come in &c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
The Horn shall be, the Husband's Fee, and let him take it not in Scorn,
The Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age, the Brave and Sage in ev'ry Age
Have not Disdain'd to wear the Horn, Have not &c.

For the Flute.



N.° XIX.

Set by Mr. M.C. Festing.

Reason for Loving,

Addressd to Salinda.

Moderato.

G. Bickham, Sc.

If Beauty's lure a-lone in-vite, Absence may heal our Pain, But prudence vain-ly quits her sight, whose sence and worth re-main. But pru-dence vain-ly quits her sight, whose sence & worth re-main.

The fairest Face we may Dispise,
Which hides a foolish Mind,
But Reason guides ye Lovers Eyes,
When Charms and Wit are joynd.

Caught by thy Person & thy Sence,
'Tis both alike I fear;
For if ye Eye could make defence,
You'd Conquer by the Ear.

For the Flute.

To Amanda.

Set by M.r Howard.

Not to fast.

For ever Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-relenting Foe to Love, And wn we meet a Mu-tual

Heart, Come in be-tween & bid us part: Bid us sigh on from Day to Day, & wish, & wish y

Soul a-way, Till Youth, and Ge-ni-al Years are flown, And all y Life of Life is gone.

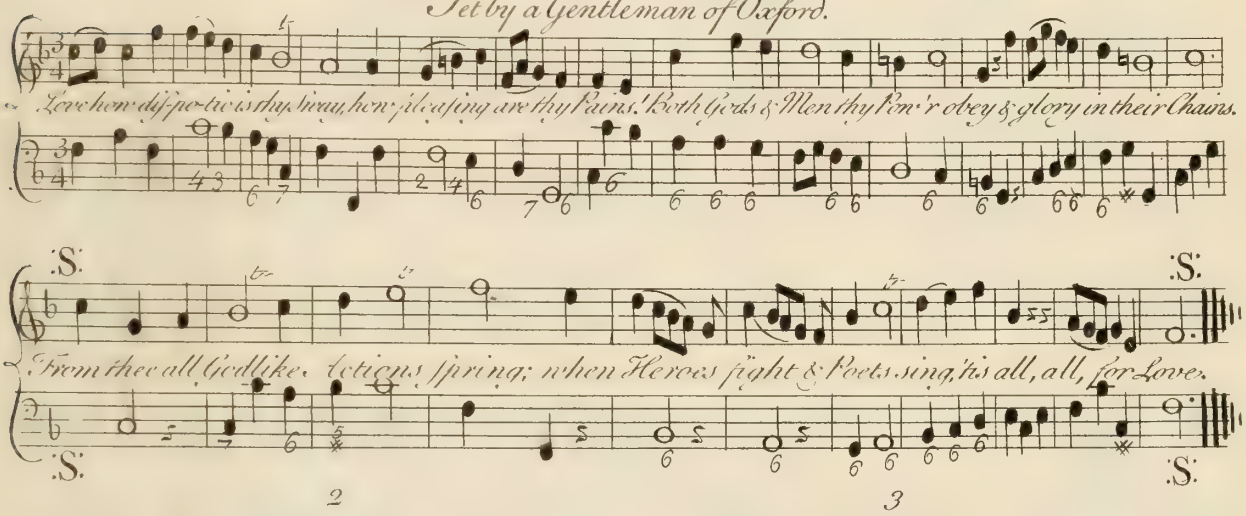
But Busy, Busy still art thou,
To bind the Loveless Joyless Vow;
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
To bind the Gentle with the Rude:

For once, O Fortune! hear my Pray'r,
And I absolve thy Future Care;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but y dear Amanda mine.

For the German and Common Flute.

The Power of Love.

Set by a Gentleman of Oxford.


Love how diff'rently is thy Sway, how pleasing are thy Pains! Both Gods & Men thy Pow'r obey & glory in their Chains.
From thee all Godlike Joys spring; when Heroes fight & Poets sing, 'tis all, all, for Love.

2

This Little Tyrant of the Skies
The Thund'rer's Bosom warms,
To Earth th'enamour'd Thund'rer flies
A Slave to Mortal Charms:
See! he Desarts the Blest abodes,
Cœlestial Beauties, Kindred Gods
And all for Love.

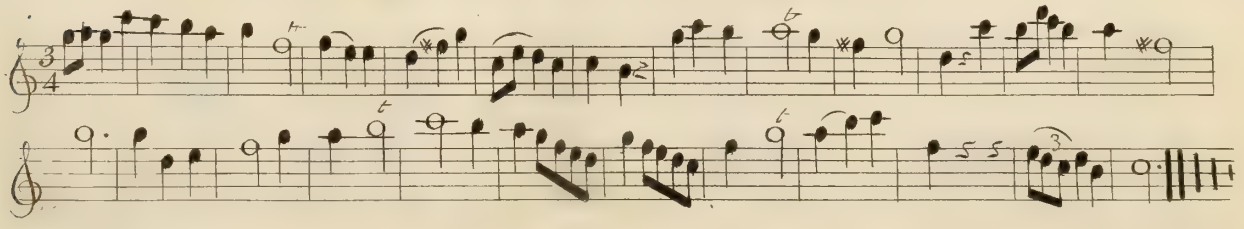
3

The Beauteous Queen of Smiles & Loves,
The Am'rous Bliss approv'd,
Adonis in the Lonely Groves,
She saw admir'd & Lov'd:
Phœbus ador'd a mortal Maid
Th'infernal King himself obey'd
The Power of Love.

4

Then Why Ye Powers must here below
The joys of Love be Slighted!
Why taste we not the Sweets that flow
From two fond hearts Unite'd!
Since from the Cottage to the Throne,
Both King & Clown alike must own
The Power of Love.

For the Flute.

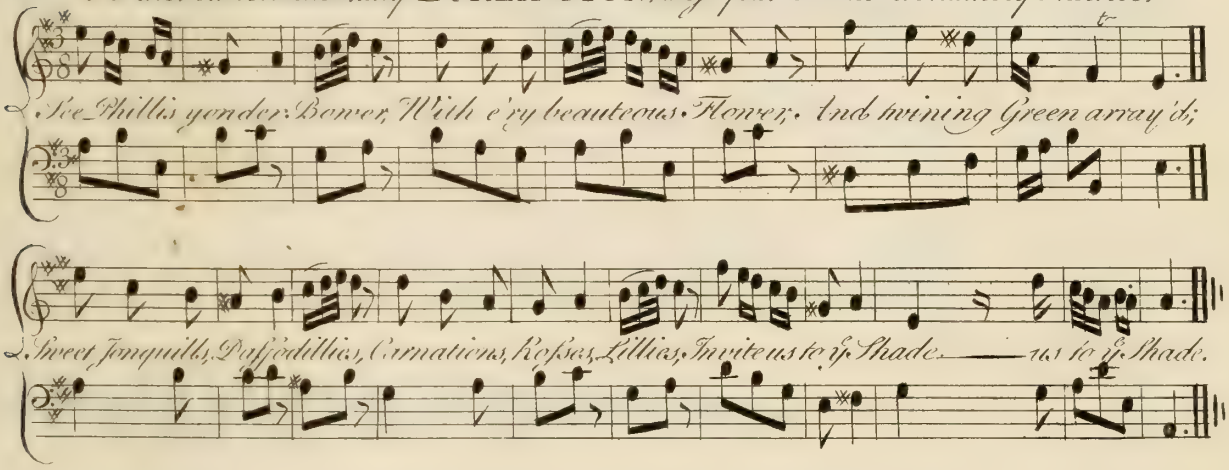


THE

Compassionate Maid.

Set by M.r R. Vincent. The Words by M.r Hundeshagen.

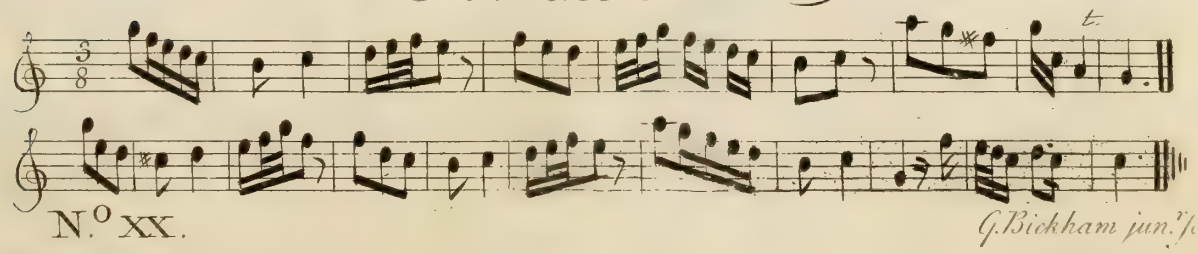
To the R.t Hon.ble the Lady BURLINGTON, these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.


1. See Phillis yonder Bower, With e'ry beauteous Flower, And twining Green array'd;
2. Sweet Jonquills, Daffodillies, Carnations, Roses, Lillies, Invite us to y.e Shade —— us to y.e Shade.

There clasping Thee, my Treasure,
In Extacy 'bove measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye;
While you're with Looks expiring,
My Blissful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

With balmy melting Kisses,
I'll crown my Dying Blisses,
Whilst you, in Pity, cry;
"My Love, I'll not be cruel,
"But in this am'rous Duel,
"We'll both together die.

For the Flute.



N.o XX.

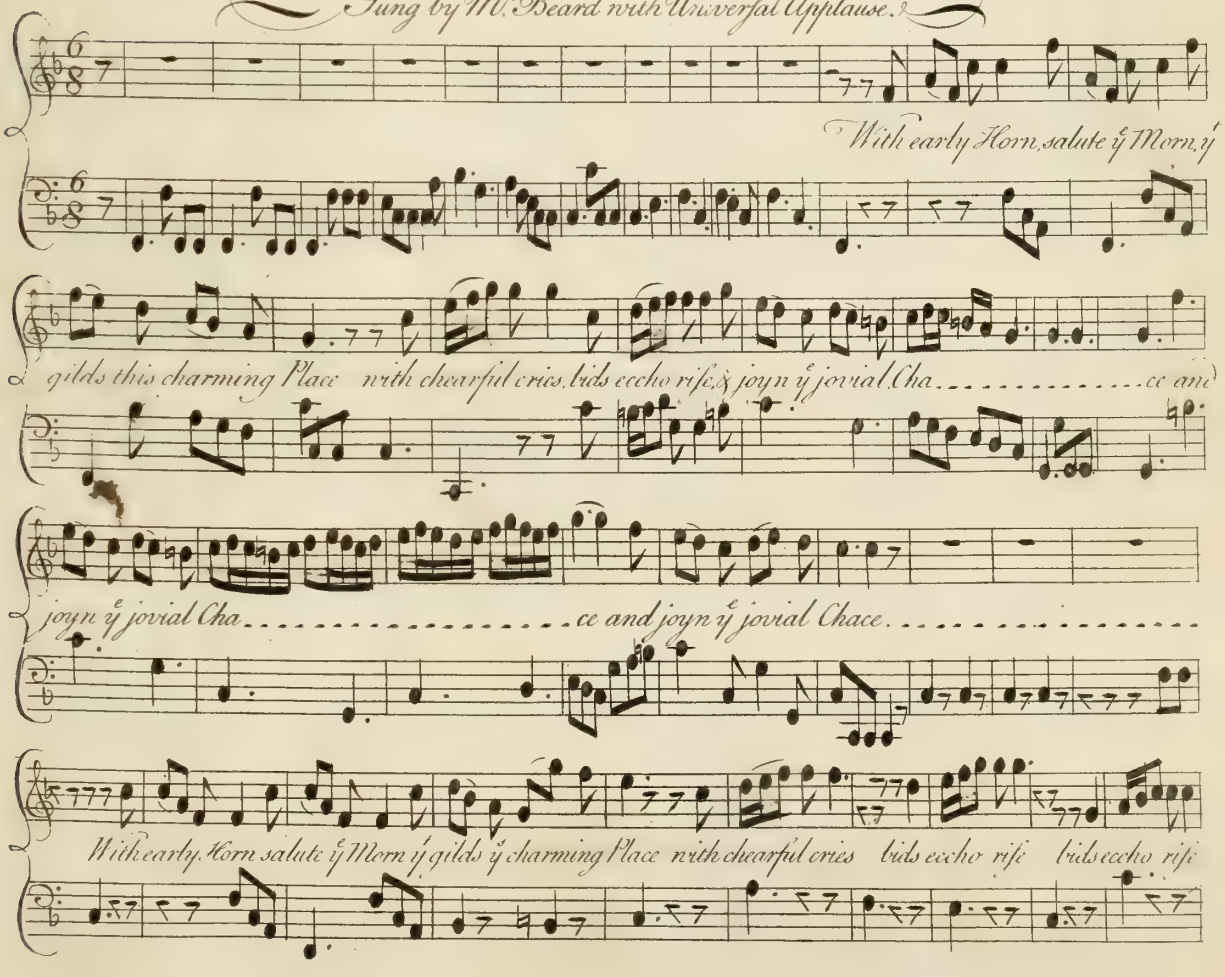
G. Bickham jun.r Sc.

T. Bickham jun.r sc.

THE

Meeting in the Morning.

Sung by M.r Beard with Universal Applause.


With early Horn, salute ỹ Morn, ỹ
gilds this charming Place with chearful cries, bids eccho rise, & joyn ỹ jovial Cha ce and
joyn ỹ jovial Cha ce and joyn ỹ jovial Chace
With early Horn salute ỹ Morn ỹ gilds ỹ charming Place with chearful cries bids eccho rise bids eccho rise

and joyn the jovial Chace

ce with chearful cries bids eccho rise & joyn ỹ jovial Chace and joyn ỹ jovial

Chace The Vo cal Hills around ỹ

waving Woods ỹ christal Floods all all re turn their livening sound ỹ vo cal Hills a

round ỹ waving Woods ỹ christal Floods all all return their livening sound. D.C.

FLUTE.

DC

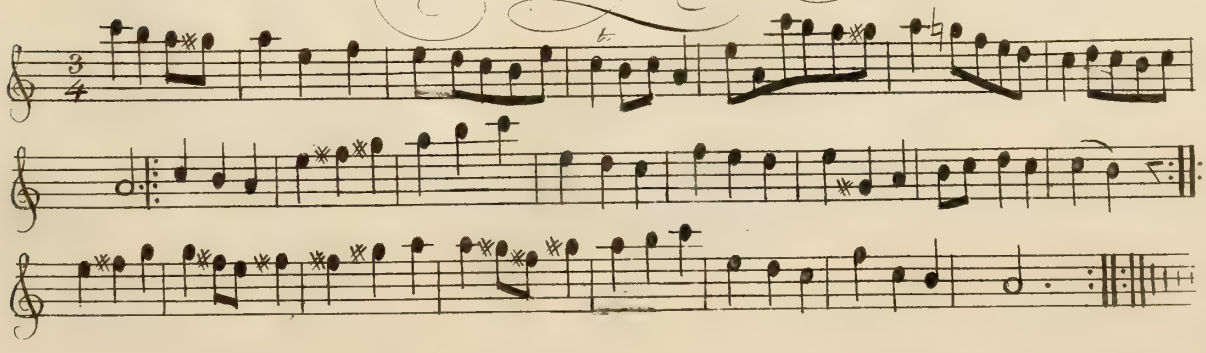
THE Maids Husband.

Set by Mr. Carey. G. Bickham sc.

Genteel in Perſonage, Conduct & Equipage, Noble by Heritage, Generous & Free;
Brave not Romantic, Learn'd not Pedantic, Frolic not Frantic, This must be He.

Honour Maintaining,
Meanneſs Disdaining,
Still Entertaining,
Engaging & New;
Neat but not Finnical,
Sage but not Cynical,
Never Tyranical,
But ever True.

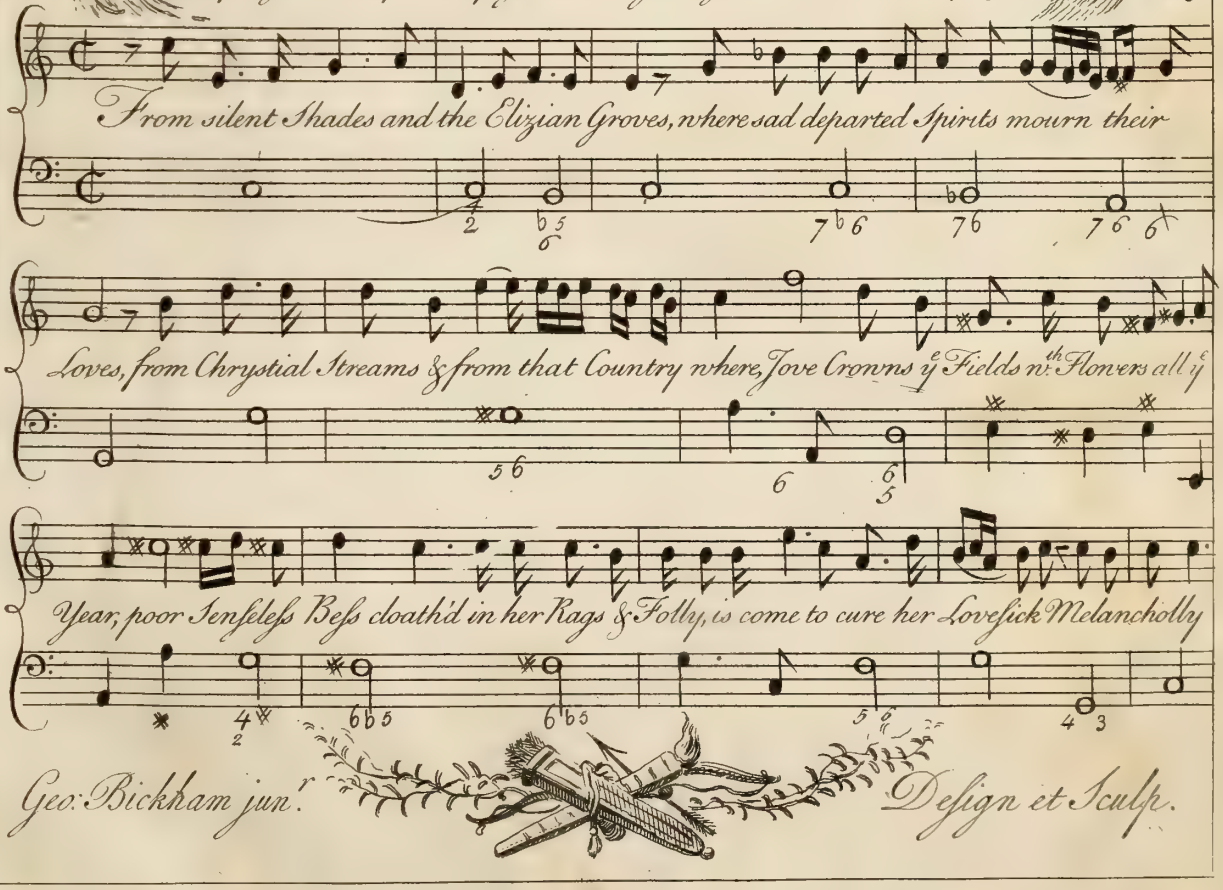
For the Flute.



Mad Bess.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

To ye Right Honble ye Earl of Gainsborough these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribed


From silent Shades and the Elizian Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn their
Loves, from Chrystial Streams & from that Country where, Jove Crowns ye Fields wth Flowers all ye
Year, poor Senseless Bess cloath'd in her Rags & Folly, is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly

Geo: Bickham junr. Design et Sculp.

Bright Cynthia keep her Revels late, while Mab ye Fairy Queen did Dance, & Oberon did set in

State, nr. Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Conflip lies my Dear en tomb'd, in li quid Gems of

Den, each day I'll water it with a Tear, the fading Blofsom to re nen; For fince my Love is

dead and all my Joys are gone, poor Befs for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick fhall be a

Geo: Bickham jun.r Design et Sculp.

Groan; I'll lay me down and die with in some hollow Tree; the Raven and Cat, the

Owle and Bat, shall war...ble forth my Ele...gy, Did you see my Love as he past

by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts: Ladys be-

ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en snare ye, Hark, hark I hear old Charon

bawl, his Boat he will no longer stay, y furies lash their Whips & call, come, come away, come, come away, poor

Geo: Bickham jun.r Sculp.

G Bickham jun.r sculp.

Bess will return to ye place whence she came, since ye world is so mad, she can hope for no cure, for

Loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a name, which fools do admire, & wise men en - dure. Cold and

Hungry am I grown, Am brosia will I feed upon, drink Nectar still and Sing; who is content does, all

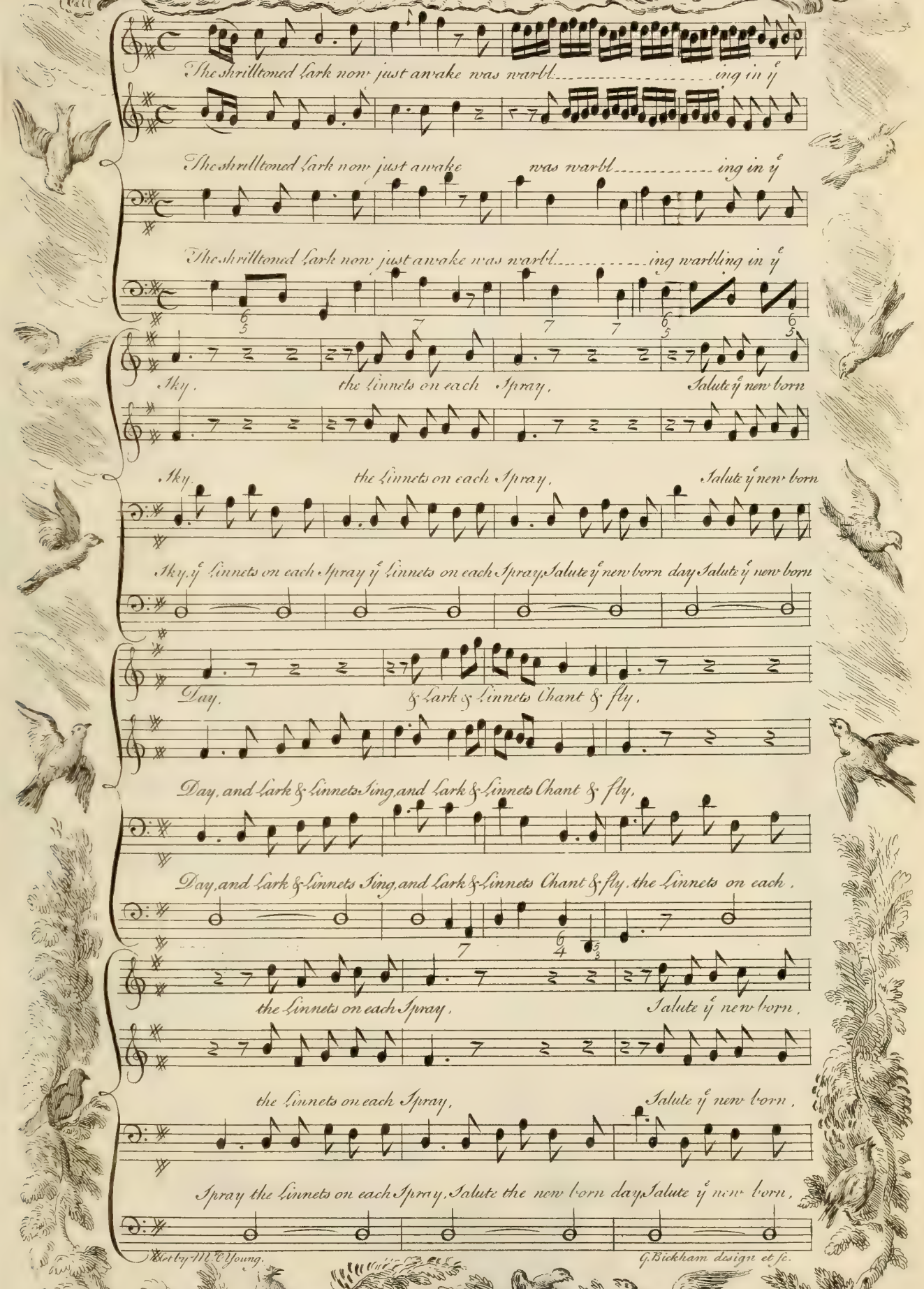
sorrow prevent, & Bess in her Straw, whilst free from ye Tan; in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute.

THE

Nightingall, Lark & Linnets.

To ye Right Hon^r ye Earl of OXFORD *and* MORTIMER, *these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.*


The shrilltoned Lark now just awake was warbl.....ing in ye
The shrilltoned Lark now just awake was warbl.....ing in ye
The shrilltoned Lark now just awake was warbl.....ing warbling in ye
Sky, the Linnets on each Spray, Salute ye new born
Sky, the Linnets on each Spray, Salute ye new born
Sky, ye Linnets on each Spray ye Linnets on each Spray, Salute ye new born day Salute ye new born
Day, & Lark & Linnets Chant & fly,
Day, and Lark & Linnets Sing, and Lark & Linnets Chant & fly,
Day, and Lark & Linnets Sing, and Lark & Linnets Chant & fly, the Linnets on each,
the Linnets on each Spray, Salute ye new born,
the Linnets on each Spray, Salute ye new born,
Spray the Linnets on each Spray, Salute the new born day, Salute ye new born,

Set by M^r C. Young. G. Bickham design et sc.

N^o XXII.

Day & Lark & Linnets Chant & Sing The Nightingall who's

Day & Lark & Linnets Sing & Lark & Linnets Chant & Sing, The Nightingall who's

Day & Lark & Linnets Sing & Lark & Linnets Chant & Sing, The Nightingall who's

Sighing breast neer Sin ..... gs in consort with y

Sighing breast neer Sin ..... gs in consort with y

Sighing breast neer Sin ..... gs in consort with y

rest but by her-self she still complain in Sweet a dagior moving Strain

rest but by her-self She still complain in Sweet a dagior moving Strain

rest but by her-self She still complain in Sweet a dagior moving Strain.

The Syren of the Stage.

Little Syren of the Stage, Charmer of an idle Age, Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,

Wanton Gale of fond desire, Bane of ev'ry manly Art, Soft enfeebler of the Heart,

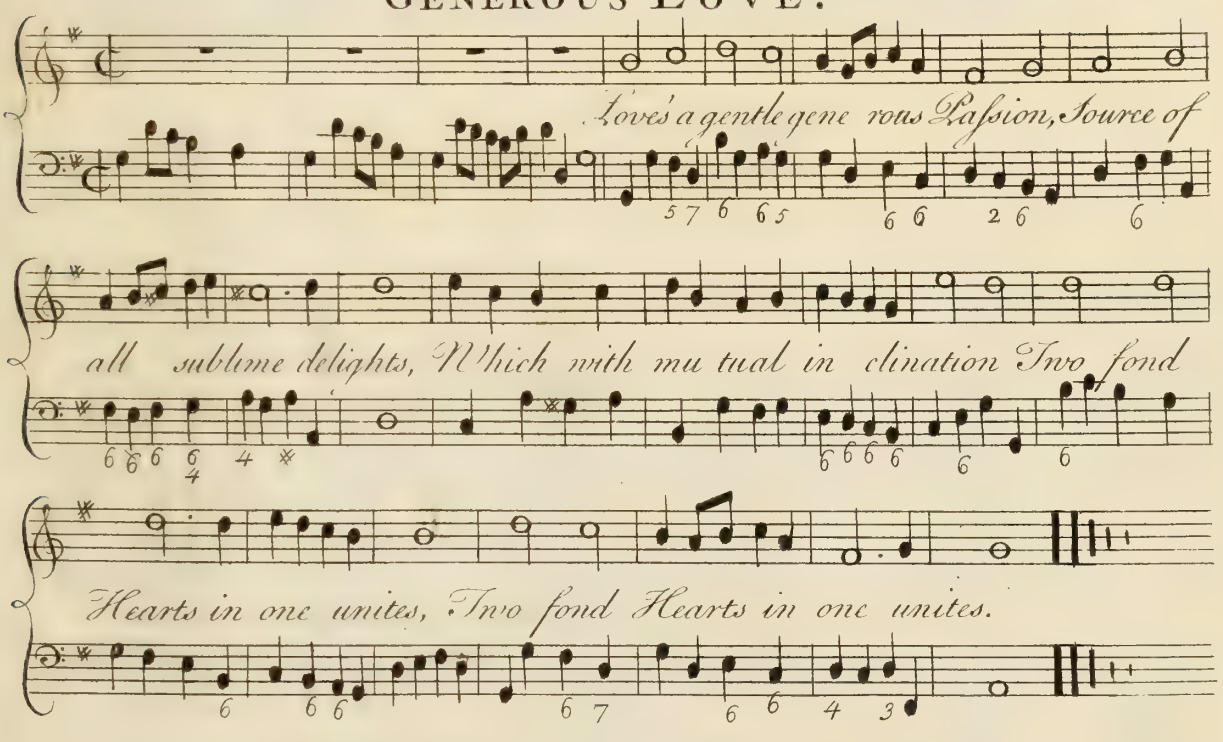
O too pleasing is thy strain Hence to Southern Climes again Tuneful mischief Vocal spell

To this Island bid fare-well Leave us as we ought to be Leave us Britons rough & free!

For the Flute.

Set by M.r Carey. G. Bickham jun.r design.sc.

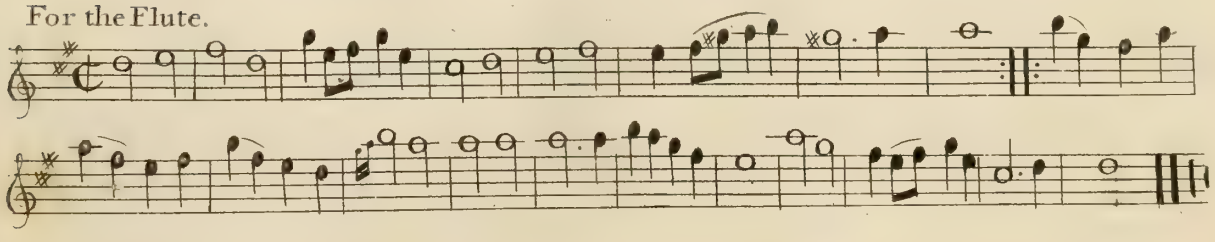
GENEROUS LOVE.


Love's a gentle gene rous Paſsion, Source of
all sublime delights, Which with mu tual in clination Two fond
Hearts in one unites, Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are tilles, pomp or Riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent,
When obtain'd &c.

Lawleſs Paſsion brings vexation,
But a chaſt & constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation,
Of the Bliſsful state above,
Of the &c.

For the Flute.



Achilles brought by Thelis to his Tutor Chiron.

The Musick by M.r Purcel.

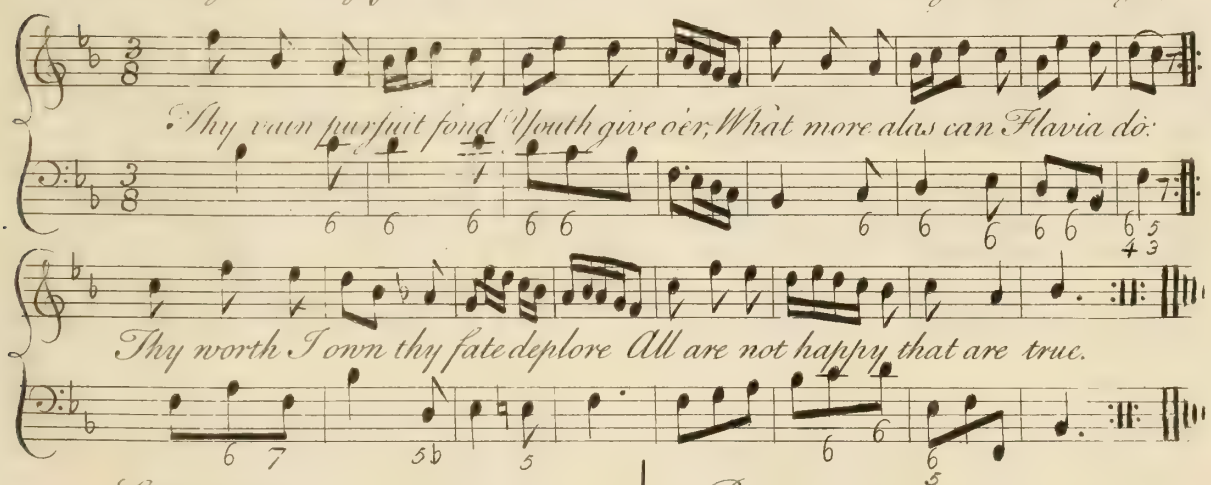
To y.e R.t Hon.ble y.e Lord Viscount **WEYMOUTH**, *these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*

Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil Achilles I'll tell you I'll tell you young Gentleman w.t y.e Fates will is You my
Old Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil Achilles I'll tell you young Gentleman w.t y.e Fates will is You my
Boy you my Boy must go must go y.e Gods will have it so to y.e Siege of Troy, thence never to return thence never to re-
Boy you my Boy must go must go y.e Gods will have it so to y.e Siege of Troy, thence never to re-turn thence
turn never to return never to return to Greece again but before those Walls to be Slain but before those Walls to be Slain before those
never to re-turn never to re-turn to Greece again but before those Walls to be Slain but before those Walls to be Slain be
Walls those Walls to be Slain, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage
fore those Walls to be Slain, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage
let not your noble courage be cast down, but all y.e while you lye before y.e Town, drink all y.e while drink all y.e while you lye before y.e Town
be cast down, let not y.e noble courage be cast down, lye before y.e Town, drink all y.e while drink all y.e while you lye before y.e Town
drink & drive care away drink & be merry you'l neer go y.e sooner you'l neer go y.e sooner you'l neer go y.e sooner to y.e Stygean Ferry.
drink & drive care away drink & be merry, you'l neer go the sooner y.e sooner you'l neer go y.e sooner to y.e Stygean Ferry.

N.o XXIII. *Within y.e Compass of y.e Flute.* *G. Bickham sculp.*

THE Generous Repulse.

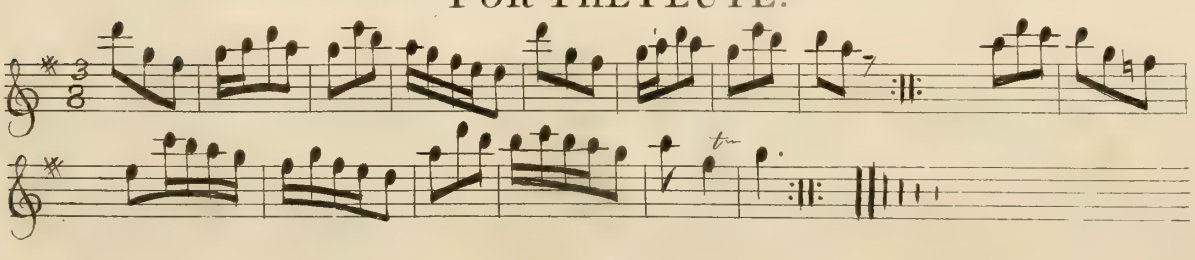
The Words by A. Hill Esq.r *Set by M.r Carey.*


Thy vain pursuit fond Youth give o'er; What more alas can Flavia do:
Thy worth I own thy fate deplore All are not happy that are true.

Suppress thy sighs & weep no more
Should Heav'n & Earth th thee combine
'Twere all in vain since any pow'r
To Crown thy Love must alter mine.

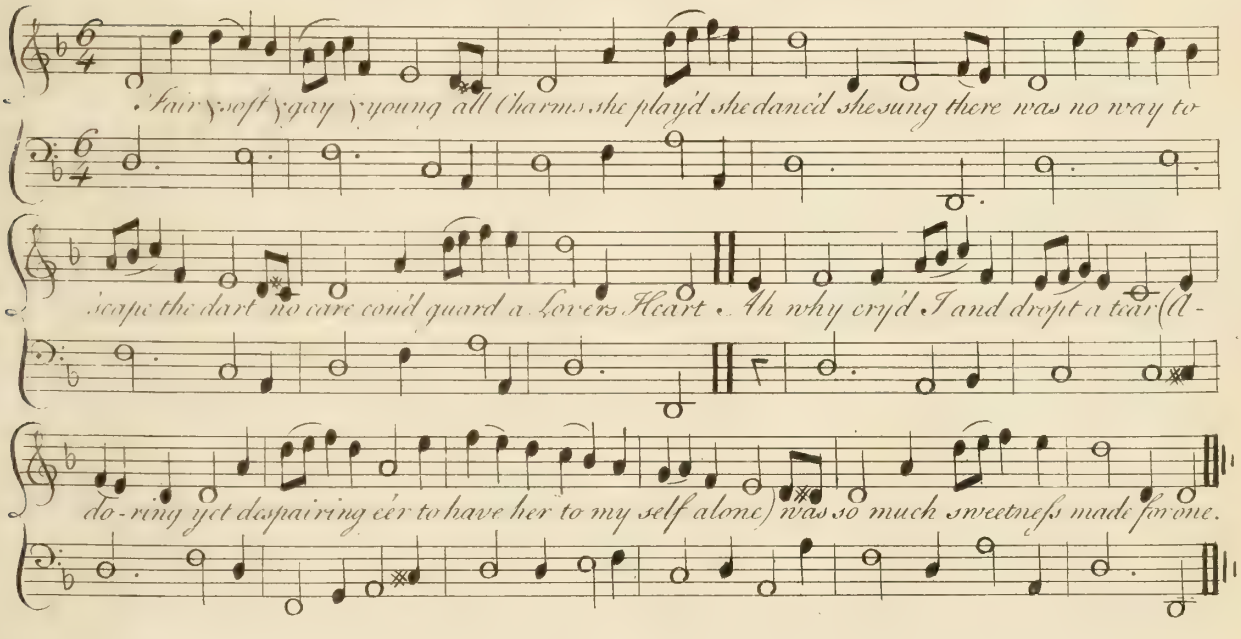
But if revenge can ease thy pain
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure
Tell thee I drag a hopeless chain
And all that I inflict endure.

FOR THE FLUTE.



Geo: Bickham jun.r sculp.

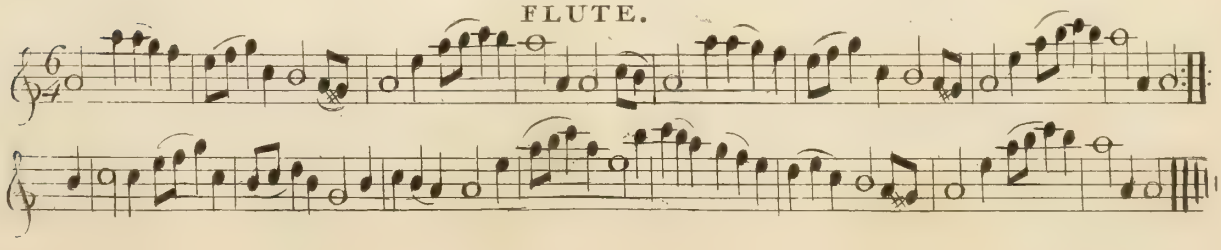
The Inconstant.


Fair ÿ soft ÿ gay ÿ young all Charms she playd she dancd she sung there was no way to
scape the dart no care could guard a Lovers Heart Ah why cryd I and dropt a tear (al-
do-ring yet despairing eer to have her to my self alone) was so much sweetness made for one.

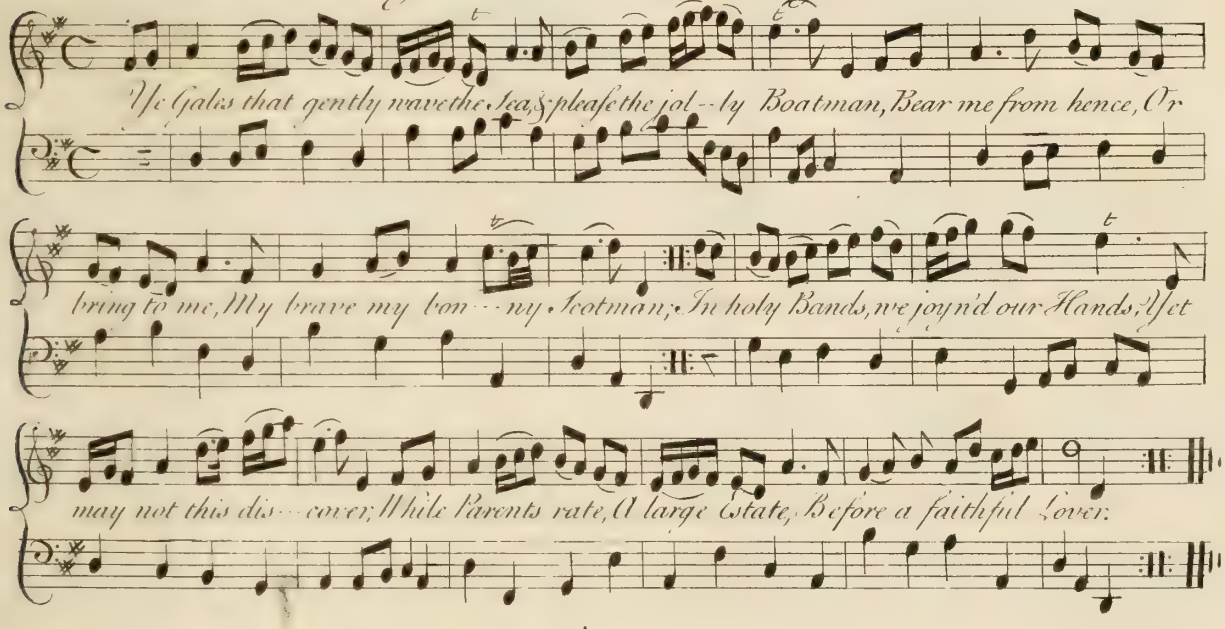
But growing bolder in her Ear
I in soft Numbers told my care
She heard & raisd me from her feet
And seemd to glow with equal heat
Like Heavn too mighty to express
My Joys could be but known by guess
Ah fool said I what have I done
To wish her made for more than one.

But long I had not been in view
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew
Eer I had reckond half her Charms
She sunk into anothers Arms
But she that once could faithless be
Will favour him no more than me
He too will find himself undone
And that she was not made for one.

FLUTE.



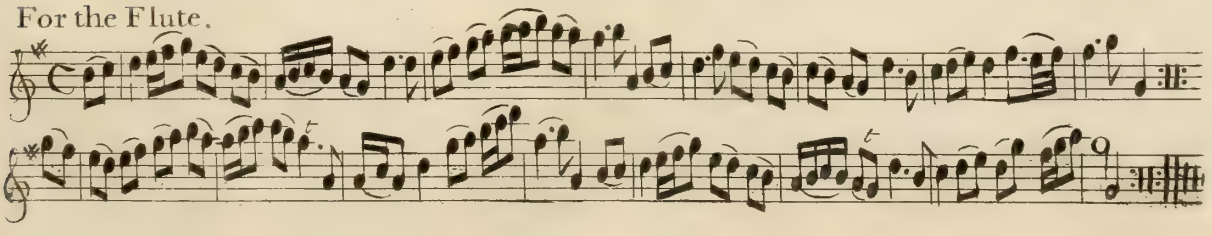
The Generous Lassie.


Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, & please the jol--ly Boatman, Bear me from hence, Or
bring to me, My brave my bon---ny Scotman; In holy Bands, we joyn'd our Hands, Yet
may not this dis---cover; While Parents rate, A large Estate, Before a faithful Lover.

But I would chuse in Highland Glens,
To herd the Kid and Goat-man;
E'er I could for such little Ends,
Refuse my bonny Scot-man;
Wae worth ye Man, who first began,
The base ungen'rous Fashion;
From greedy Views Loves Art to use,
Whilst Strangers to its Passions.

From foreigen Fields my lovely Youth,
Hast to thy longing Lassie;
Who pants to kiss thy balmy Mouth,
And in her Bosom press thee:
Love gives ye Word then hast on board,
Fair Wind and gentle Boat-man;
Waft o'er, waft o'er from yonder Shoar,
My blith my bonny Scot man.

For the Flute.



Set by Mr. R. Vincent. **Loves Bacchanal.** The Words by Mr. Tho.s Hundesbagen.

To ye Right Honble Earl of WESTMORLAND. These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

1. Strephon why ye Clou--dy Forehead Why so vain--ly crossd those Arms? Silly Swain thy

2. Aspect horrid Rather fright--ens her than charms Rouse each dull & droop---ing Spirit

3. Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen--rous Claret makes thee Love & Raptures breath.

Sacrifice this Juice prolifick,
To each Letter of her Name,
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick,
Why not Mortals do the same?

See the high--charg'd Goblet smiling
Bids thee Strephon drink & prove
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,
Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

For the Flute.

The Words from Waller. Set by Antony Neale.

The Dream.

Andante

Say love by Dream where couldst thou find Shades to coun-ter-feit that Face
Co-lours of that glo-rious kind Come not from a-ny Mor-tal place.

In heav'n it self thou sure wert drest
With that Angel-like disguise
Thus deluded I am blest
And see my joy with closed Eyes
But ah! this image is to kind
To be other than a dream.
Cruel Iacharissa's mind
Never put on that sweet extream
Fair Dream if thou intendst me grace
Change that heav'nly face of thine
Paint disposd love in thy face
And make it to appear like mine.

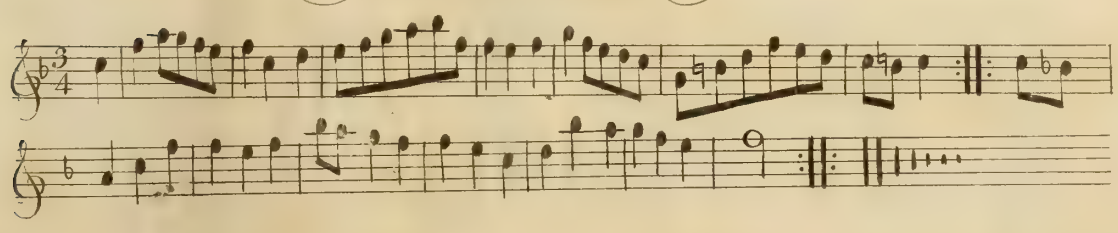
Pale wan and meagre let it look
With a pity-moving shape
Such as wander by the Brook
Of Lethe or from graves escape
Then to that matchless Nymph appear
In whose shape thou shinest so
Softly in her sleeping Ear
With humble words express my woe.
Perhaps from greatness state and Pride
Thus surprised she may fall
Sleep does disproportion hide
And Death resembling equals all.

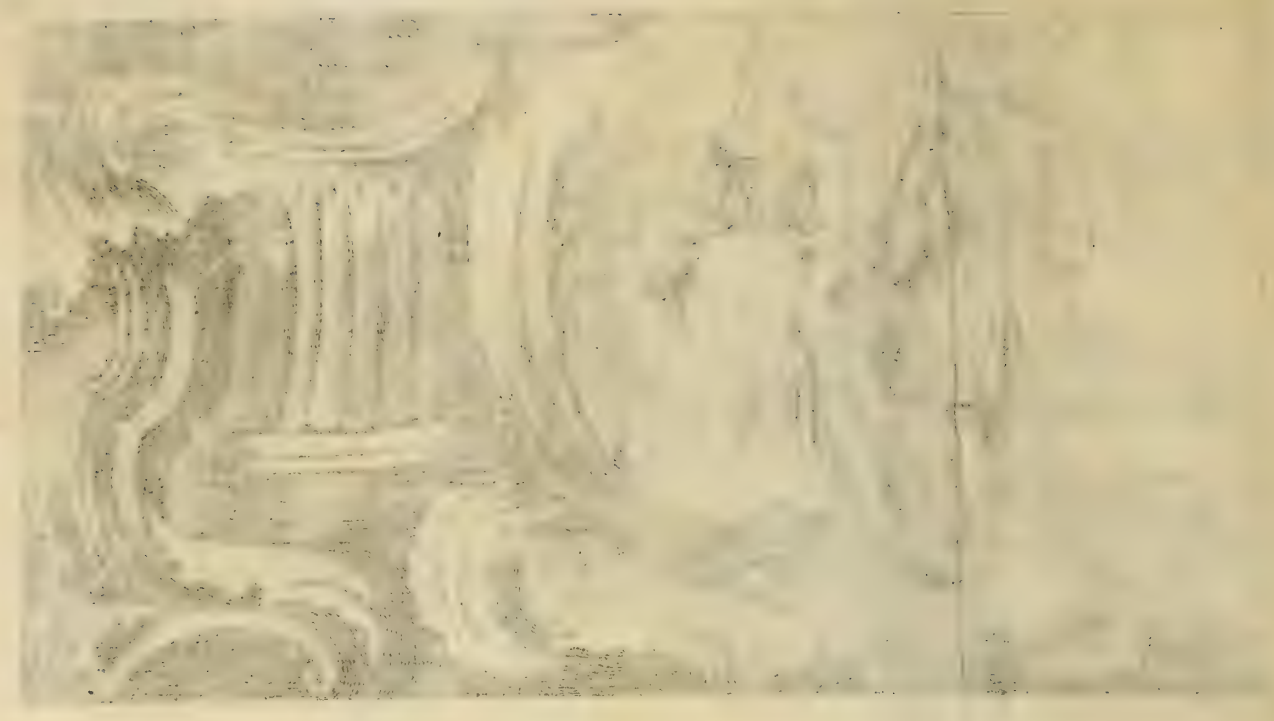
FOR THE FLUTE.

THE Conquerd Swain.

The Conquering dart | Has peirc'd my Heart
With all thy wondrous Charms
Nor can I reſt | Untill Poſsest
Enfolded in thy Arms.

FOR THE FLUTE.





On looſing their Toaſt and Butter.

The Words by Mr Carey. *Set by Mr. Lampe.*

But to hear ye Children Mutter, wn theyd loſt their Toaſt and Butter, And to see my La....dy moan, Oh!

twould melt a heart of Stone, a heart of Stone. But to hear the Children Mutter, wn theyd loſt their Toaſt & Butter; to

see my La dy Moan, Oh! twould melt a heart of Stone, a Heart of Stone Oh twould melt a hart of Stone.

Here the Squire wth Servants Wrangling; there ye Maids and Mistreſs jangling, and ye pritty hunary Dears all to

gether by the Ears, scrambling for a Barley-Cake Oh twould make one's heart to Ake. &c.

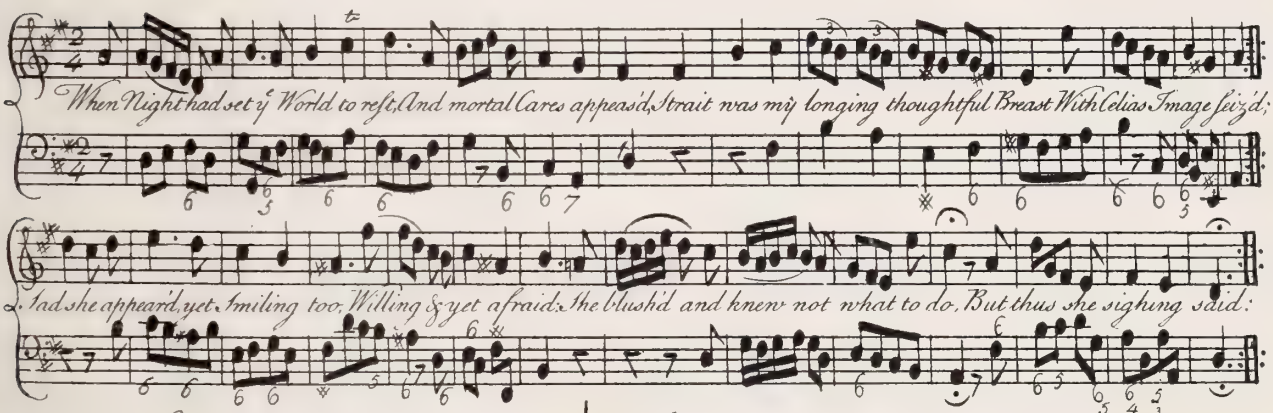
For the Flute.

Gea. Bickham inv.t et sc.

The Dream.

To his Grace y^e DUKE *of* SOMERSET *these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*

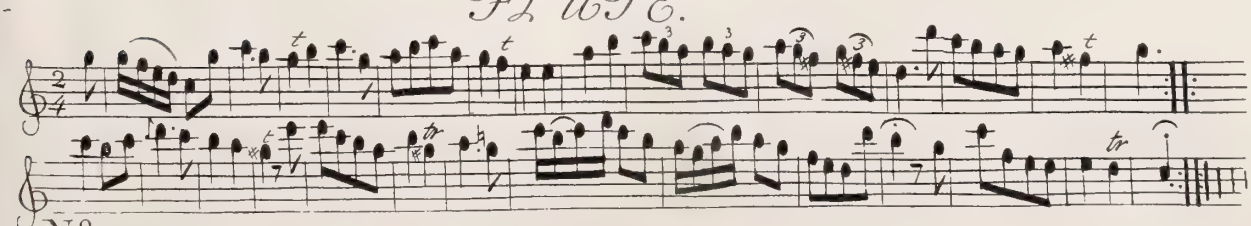
The Words by Iohn Mottley Esq.r


When Night had set y^e World to rest, And mortal Cares appeas'd, Strait was my longing thoughtful Breast With Celias Image fir'd;
Sad she appear'd, yet Smiling too, Willing & yet afraid: She blush'd and knew not what to do, But thus she sighing said:

Cease Strephon cease it must not be,
In vain you weep & sigh,
Talk not of Love or Flames to me,
For I must still deny:
Do but this wither'd Rosebud see,
How dead it does appear,
Before twas gather'd from y^e Tree
You thought it fresh & Fair.

False Men with studyd treachrous Arts,
Fond Innocence betray,
They talk of Charms & Flames & Darts,
But mean not what they say,
Yet ah! could Strephon faithful prove,
And constant to these Charms,
No more, said I, no more my Love
But clasp'd her in my Arms.

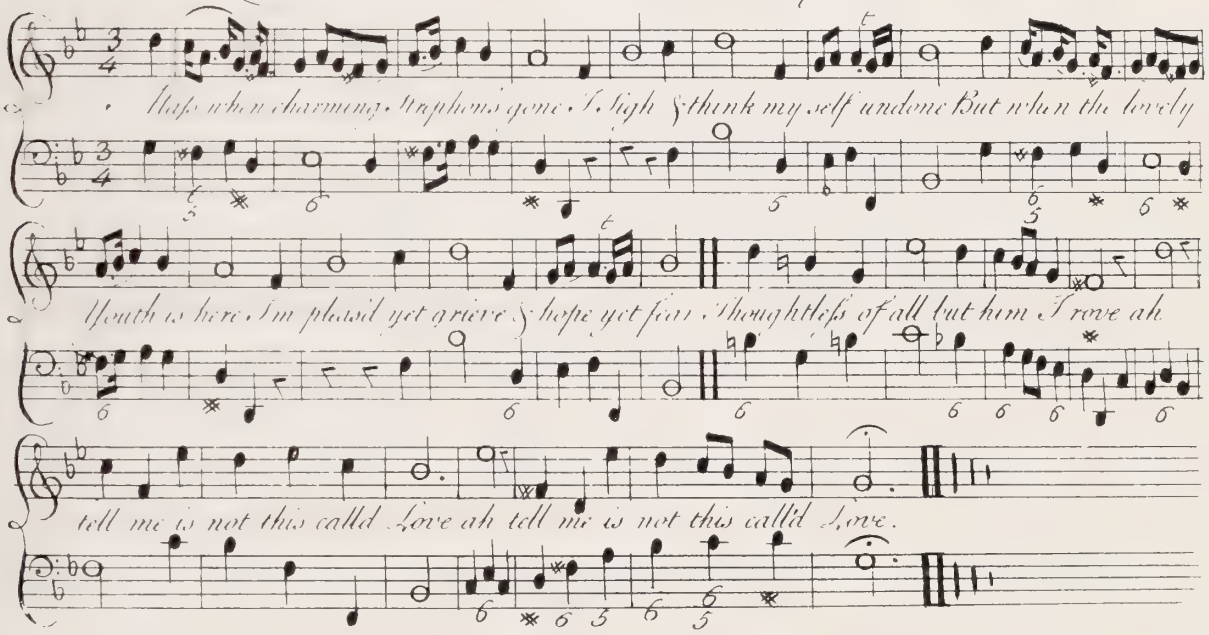
FLUTE.



N.o XXV.

Set by a Lady

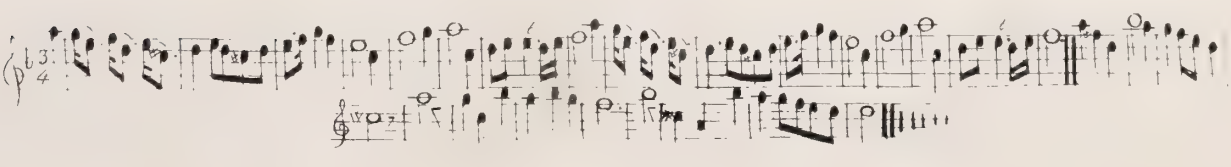
THE
Loving fearful Nymph.


Hafs when charming Strephon's gone I sigh & think my self undone But when the lovely
Youth is here I'm pleas'd yet grieve & hope yet fear Thoughtless of all but him I rove ah
tell me is not this call'd Love ah tell me is not this call'd Love.

Ah me what pow'r can move me so
I dye with grief when he must go
But I revive at his return
I smile I froze I pant I burn
I'm sports so Sweet so Strong so new
Say can they be to Friendship due
Say can they be to Friendship due.

Ah no tis love tis now too plain
I feel I feel the pleasing pain
For who e're saw bright Strephons Eyes
But wish'd & long'd & was his prize
Gods if the truest may be blest
O let him be by me possest
O let him be by me possest.

For the Flute.



The Neglected Lass.

Farewel thou false Rhalander since now from me you rove, I leave me here to wan-

der, No more to think of Love; Must I forbear to languish I must for ever Mourn From

Love I now am Banish'd and shall no more Return.

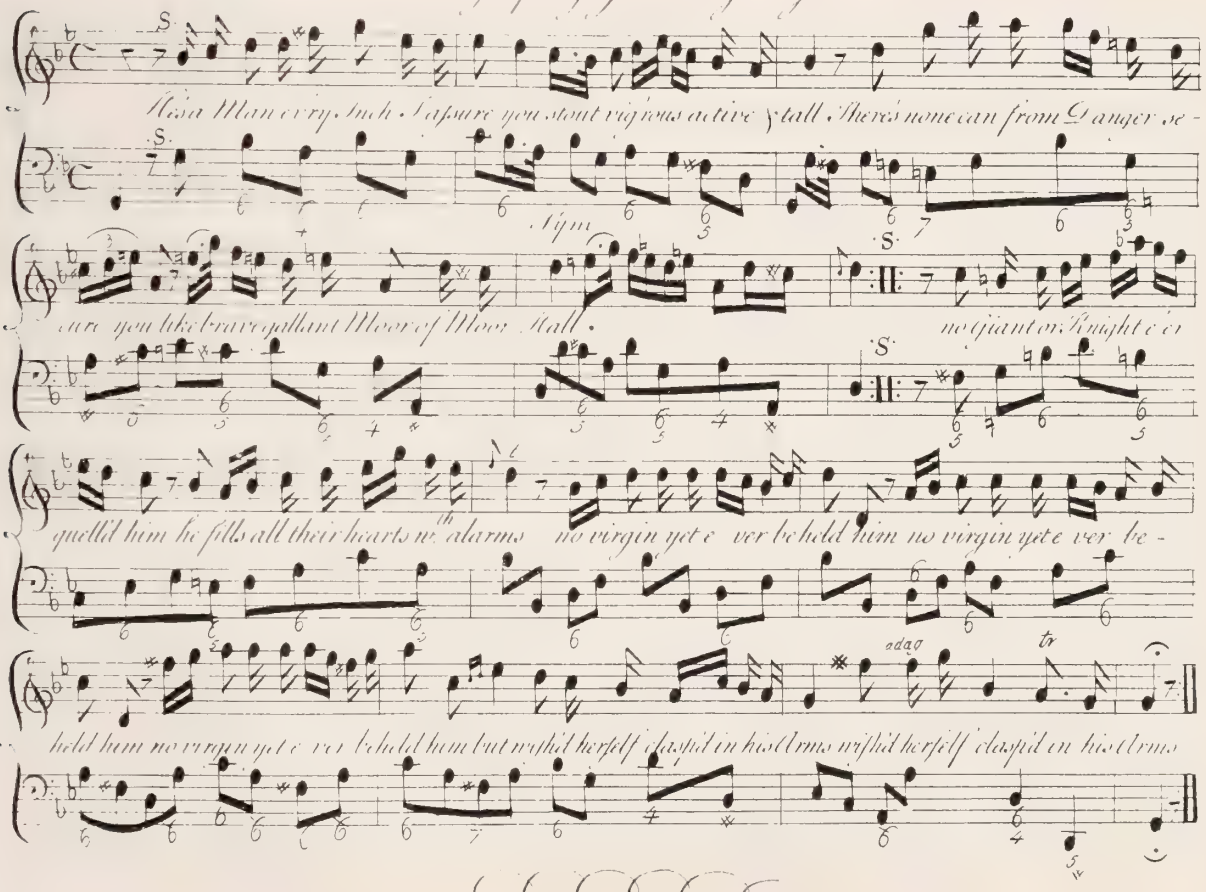
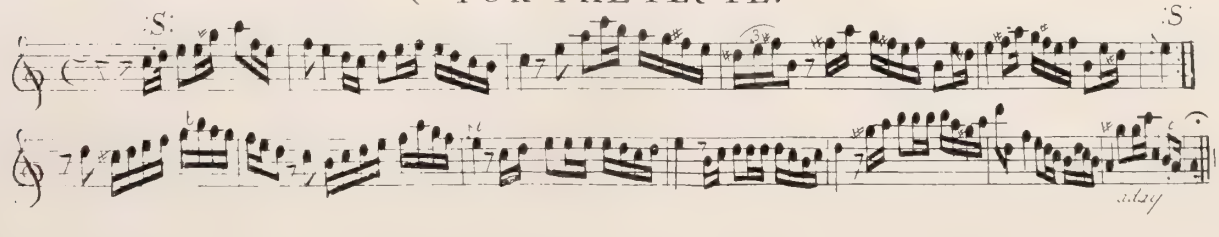
Farewel deceitful Trayton,
Farewel thou perjur'd Swain;
Let never Injur'd Creature
Believe your vows again.

The passion you pretended
Was only to obtain,
For now the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.

For the Flute.

The Gallant Moor of Moor Hall.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young.


Hola Man every Inch I assure you stout vigorous active & tall There's none can from Danger se -
cure you like brave gallant Moor of Moor Hall.
no giant or Knight e er
quelld him he fills all their hearts w th alarms no virgin yet e ver beheld him no virgin yet e ver be -
held him no virgin yet e ver beheld him but wishd herself clasp'd in his Arms wishd herself clasp'd in his Arms

FOR THE FLUTE.